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OF ALL NATIONS

SIXTY PATRIOTIC SONGS OF ALL NATIONS

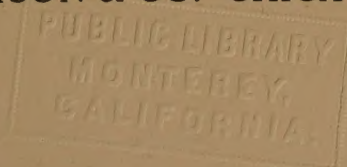
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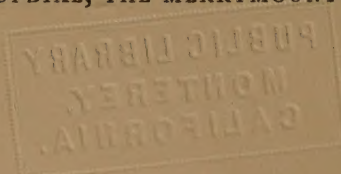
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Francis B. Jones

SIXTY PATRIOTIC SONGS OF ALL NATIONS



DANTE tells us in Canto XX of the *Inferno*, that he came with Virgil to a group of souls who had their heads twisted round to face backwards, so that they could by no means see before them: and, leaving aside Dante's own application of the symbol, we may take these spirits as the type of large numbers of men whose gaze is steadily fixed on the past, and who are blind to the present and future—men for whom no art, no philosophy, no institutions, are of any value till they are sanctioned by the seal of Time. Dante, on the contrary, considers this attitude as essentially a deformity. These spirits are dehumanized. The cast of mind which sees good only in the past is false. Browning's attitude in *Prospice* is truer. But the kernel of truth is best given in the words:

*Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unused.*

"Looking before and after"—there is the heart of the matter. For although there is an unhealthy dwelling in the past,—the habitual attitude of the *laudator temporis acti*,—there is also a wise and true way of ruminating over, and taking up into the present, the art and thought and examples of the past. The normal man has his gaze directed to the present and future, but he can look back at will; and should do so. The world would be the poorer for the loss of the pictures of by-gone times preserved for us by poets and novelists—pictures of old Greek life as shown in Homer and Plato; the noble types still vivid in the *Volsunga Saga*; the pictures of Victorian life and character in Dickens; Cable's gallery of New Orleans portraits in *Old Creole Days*, etc.; Bret Harte's tales of life out West; or Mary Wilkins' little idyls of New England characters now passed away, but preserved in her pages as in rosemary and lavender.

And in the same way it is a good thing that

a band of enthusiasts have of late years been at work hunting out and publishing the old folk-music that seems likely otherwise to pass into the limbo of forgotten things. Many valuable collections have now been made. There are the *English County Songs* by Lucy Broadwood and Fuller Maitland; Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*; *Songs of Scotland* (G. F. Graham); A. P. Berggreen's monumental work comprising the folksongs of all nations; and many others, of which a comprehensive bibliography is given in the companion volume to this. The present book and its companion volume, *One Hundred Folksongs of all Nations*, form a gleanings from this field, scanty, perhaps, but at least containing many of the finest and fullest ears which may make wholesome and nourishing food for the artistic spirit.

Here, however, we enter upon controversial ground. Of late years a group of musicians, on the one hand, represented by Cecil Sharp and Vaughan Williams, have been preaching their gospel of nationalism in music, and the necessity of studying chiefly these folksongs of our race, and founding upon them a national style; while certain sceptics, on the other, headed by Ernest Newman, with his brilliant and incisive logic, deny the truth of this gospel, and even go so far as to assert that the racial and national element in music is a purely imaginary quality. In an article published in the *English Review* for May, 1912, he says: "The truth seems to be . . . that of all ways of accounting for the differences between the arts and customs and constitutions of nations, that of attributing them all to *race* is the most superficial." And he then, with airy persiflage, points out that Mozart, a German, is classed by Dr. Parry as representing the highest type of Italian music; that Beethoven was half Dutch; that Schubert is a true Teuton, but Schumann a truer Teuton; that Haydn, who was "as Teutonic as it was possible to be in those times," was in all probability a Slav, and

that his music is saturated with Croatian folksong; that César Franck, a "French" composer, was a Belgian; and that Offenbach, who wrote the *typical* French comic operas, was a German Jew. Now, all this is undeniably true, and is a wholesome corrective to the somewhat confused thinking of many of the folksong enthusiasts. And yet it is possible that Mr. Newman overstates his case when he says that race-quality and nationalism have *no* influence on art. If race has any effect on character, that must be reflected in art and thought. And it must be remembered that this relentless analysis, carried to its extreme, will explain away everything in heaven and earth.

*The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,*

are less than a vapor: they are but vibrations in a hypothetical ether. Broadly speaking, we see that there is a difference between the Scot, the Frenchman, the Italian, the Englishman, the Chinaman, and the Negro. Much of that is no doubt due to special influences, such as climate, ways of life, and education; but these two last have themselves to be accounted for, and are probably due partly to inherited tendencies. It is quite true that a man of one stock transplanted into another usually takes on, more or less, the mental color and characteristics of his new *milieu*: Grieg, of Scottish descent, becomes the typical Norwegian musician. But it is no less true that racial characteristics sometimes crop out in the most unexpected manner; just as the ordinary pigeon-fancier sometimes finds a specimen of the original blue rock-pigeon among his new brood. There is a reversion to type: *i.e.*, race does count for something. Do not the Jews preserve their mental and physical traits to a striking degree, even when subjected to the influences of English society?

On the other hand, Cecil Sharp surely carries his theory to the verge of the ludicrous (or beyond) when he says: "Folksongs, so far as they are the natural, spontaneous product of uncultivated minds, must of necessity be beautiful, in the same way, and for the same reason, that all elemental things, the trees, clouds, hills, and

rivers, are beautiful." (*English Review*, July, 1912.) We do not judge poetry so: we do not take the natural, spontaneous product of uncultivated minds, much of which is unprintable, as poetry superior to that of Shelley and Keats. Mr. Sharp lays especial stress on the supreme value of un-selfconscious art; as if Virgil, Dante, and Michelangelo were devoid of self-criticism. He is getting somewhat nearer to the truth when he says: "Nationality is the controlling factor, not race" (*ibid.*), and here he approximates, as I shall show presently, to Mr. Newman's position. I think the dispute is largely a matter of words. All are agreed as to the great beauty and value of many folksongs, and also as to the fact that although we form in our minds a representative image of a nation, few individuals conform to the type. Surely it should be possible to find the central point of view.

In past days travel and intercommunication between tribes and nations was very much more difficult and rare than it is at the present day. Each community was a self-dependent whole, producing its own food and manufactures, having its own modes of life and types of thought and art, and cut off by difficult barriers from its neighbors. Great migrations of races took place from time to time, and the hordes settled into new surroundings and were of course influenced by those surroundings. But the race-characteristics seem to have counted for something. The striking difference in the mental attitude of the Mongolic and Aryan stocks seems to suggest that there is more here than can be explained by a difference of surroundings; since, after all, the same sun, earth, air, and water are common to all. Bodily organization must count for something. Do we not see in our day, one family, vigorous and large-limbed, becoming hunters and soldiers; while, in the same parish, another family, of less athletic build, become students and artists; and a third, intermediate, become farmers and tradesmen? Their occupations of course react upon their minds; but their bodily organization is itself a factor in the equation. Well, the case is similar if you expand the family to the tribe and the nation.

After these migrations each tribe settled down in its own home; its surroundings and mode of life reacted on its character and mental habits; and strongly marked differences slowly arose and became fixed characteristics; while chance settlers among them would become naturalized and take on the color of their adopted family, though "sports" might from time to time crop up to indicate their original ancestry. The art of each group would also have its peculiarities. This is really the kernel of the matter; and this Ernest Newman fully acknowledges. He says: "No one disputes that at certain times and under certain conditions the art of a small community acquires a stamp that differentiates it markedly from the art of communities living under other conditions." (*English Review*, August, 1912.) I think, however, as indicated above, that while he is right in attributing to circumstance the main part of the differentiating influence, he should not deny to race and bodily organization (partly a racial product) any share at all.

This has been the state of things; but it is passing away. Steam and electric travel, the printing-press, the telegraph and telephone, have given mankind a fresh set of nerves, and have obliterated distances and all the difficulties that were formerly prohibitive, in the way of the interchange of ideas. And the result is that in music, among other things, the old distinctions are fast dying out. As Mr. Newman says: "Two hundred years ago a French Debussy would have had no influence on a composer in Drumtochty, for the simple reason that the latter would never have heard or seen a note of Debussy's music. To-day, the printing-press has brought it about that Debussy and the man in Drumtochty live, to all intents and purposes, next door to each other, and can chat all day long." (*English Review*, August, 1912.) The result is that the peculiarities which were formerly characteristic of special countries or districts are now used indiscriminately by composers of any nationality at their own fancy; and it thus becomes important, as in the case of the types of character above mentioned, to preserve the best specimens of the

work of these national schools before they are finally submerged.

A very severe selection should be made, however, and only the best specimens kept; otherwise the whole is likely to be cast away as rubbish; and I am afraid Vaughan Williams has sometimes erred on the side of lenity in preserving and setting for orchestra and choir, tunes which only bore audiences to extinction. Unless he is more ruthless in his criticism, he will defeat his own purpose. And in fact, Cecil Sharp gives this part of his contention away when he says that he has published only ten per cent of the three thousand tunes he has collected. (*English Review*, July, 1912.) In poetry, only a very few of the best pieces of even great poets are preserved; and is it reasonable to suppose that we can make room in our growing luggage for every utterance of the "unlettered peasant"?

As to what folk-music really is, Mr. Sharp contends that "folk-music is not the deliberate and conscious invention of the individual, but the spontaneous product of the subconscious mind of the community." (*Ibid.*) Was there, then, no original brain that was the instrument of this communal subconscious mind? He acknowledges that there was; but, if so, is it not likely that this brain, being the most susceptible to the influence, would be the finest in organization, and that alterations by singers would be usually in the nature of corruptions? That is how we regard such alterations in the case of poetry: we do not consider that variations, and bits of gag, due to actors, are improvements on Shakespeare's text; or that the wandering *trovatore* who sang the *chansons de geste* improved the *Chanson de Roland*. Mr. Sharp says: "I have never met with a singer who could detect small melodic differences" (quoted by Newman, *English Review*, May, 1912), which hardly seems to indicate that their alterations can be of any great value. I have myself found the same: I took down a Suffolk song from the lips of a fisherman; and when I found it later, in a collection, in two or three forms, none of them agreed with mine. How many versions, too, do we hear of the lav-

ender song sung by hawkers in the streets of London?

Surely, what we should accept as folksongs—the songs of the folk—are songs which have sprung up among them, or have gone to their hearts and become part of their lives, even though the author may be perfectly well known to themselves and others. And national songs and tunes should be accepted on the same lines. *Home, Sweet Home*, although we know its origin in an opera of Bishop's, is as truly a folksong—a song of the folk—expanded into a national song, as *Greensleeves*. Surely *Old Folks at Home*, though we know it was written by Foster between 1826 and 1864, is as really a folksong in the true sense, as *The Wearing of the Green*. I think this talk of communal subconscious production in art is a mistake. Great art is produced by a great artist, a man of technical skill, though he may be, and probably is, in a clairvoyant state at the time of production. What makes a song a folk or (in the larger sense) a national song, is its touching the hearts of, and acceptance by, the district or nation.

Another of the theories of the enthusiasts is that we should feed our minds chiefly and base our music upon folk-music. This I think to be not only a mistake, but a dangerous one. Nature abhors such inbreeding. The inevitable result would be a poverty-stricken, anaemic art. Certainly we should assimilate the songs of our own country; but we must open our minds and souls to all the best and highest thinking in the world, if we are to produce anything vital. If race has all the influence that Cecil Sharp and Vaughan Williams make out, it will inevitably assert that influence, and will be all the richer and fuller for a larger experience. Such matters cannot be hurried. The national flavor will come out in its own due time. American literature was at first largely European in its culture and tone. It has not been by restricting its pasturage to local songs and essays that the real American note has at last emerged, but by allowing time for the new environment and the thousand influences of experience and thought to soak into the national consciousness. Walt Whitman, though he does

not quote, is the product of a world-wide experience, in special circumstances. Chaucer is one of the typically *English* poets. Did he confine his browsing to English songs and literature? On the contrary, he is remarkable for the large admixture of Italian and French that he incorporated in our literature, thereby enriching its blood.

Professor Bantock, however, makes a significant distinction between folksongs and a particular class of national songs. Folksongs, as I have indicated above, may obtain so great a vogue as to become national songs; but the national song which is officially commissioned, and written on patriotic lines, is only by a stretch of charity to be called a folksong, not having spontaneously arisen from the intimate life of the people. Thus, for convenience of classification, we may speak of this more unassuming type of music, whose author is frequently unknown, as folksong, while we apply the term "national song" to such as Haydn's *Austrian Hymn* or the *Marseillaise* as well.

Professor Bantock's view that national music may be "modified and affected by foreign influences," is no doubt true in the technical sense. For instance, the Turkish National Song, No. 45 in the present collection, is obviously influenced by the ordinary dance-tunes of an exotic theatre, and has nothing specially Turkish about it. In the case of some of the Spanish music, however, with a very distinct Moorish flavor, it is to be remembered that this Moorish blood has entered into the very constitution of the Spanish people, so that the nation itself is a mixture, and should therefore not improperly show this Eastern element in its poetry and song.

The three chief classes of folk-music are Lyrics, Ballads, and Dances. Of these, the Lyric, as a rule, comes first, both in the individual and the nation, since it is a spontaneous outpouring of the spirit in times of strong emotion. However, in England, at least, the Ballad was very early cultivated; the minstrels and glee-men were an institution at all feasts in Saxon times, and were an honored class in the earliest ages; and the work of Cynewulf is enough to show to what heights of excellence they reached. *Beowulf*, the

Death-song of Ragnar Lodbrog, the smaller songs from which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were shaped, the songs from which the *Chanson de Roland* was built up—all these were folksongs of the narrative ballad type, which by the creative power of a master-mind were combined and glorified into a national, and at last a world song.

As Professor Bantock says, speaking of the folksong in the narrower sense employed by the enthusiasts: "The tunes do not modulate. They seem at first to be in no particular key; and often throughout the song there is a vagueness of tonality, so that it is frequently difficult to decide in what mode to place a tune." Among the English folksongs proper, there are numberless examples. *Greensleeves*, mentioned above, is a good specimen. Well-known ballads are: *Pretty Polly Oliver*, with a good rhythmical swing and a fine sweeping melodic outline; *The Girl I left behind me*; and *Come, Lasses and Lads*, given in the companion volume. *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*, *Wapping Old Stairs*, and *Barbara Allen*, too, are valuable portions of our ballad wealth.

Many of the best Welsh "tunes were originally harp-tunes, to which, in quite recent times, words have been added." A very good example of a harp-melody is *The Rising of the Lark*.

Early Scottish music is constructed on the pentatonic scale, a good example being *Ye Banks and Braes*. The later airs are diatonic; but a major seventh in the minor is usually a sign that the air has been modified. The best lowland tunes are slow and expressive; but there are quick ones, such as *The Piper o' Dundee*. Other good specimens are: *Jock o' Hazeldean*, *The Laird o' Cockpen*, *John Anderson, my Jo*, and *The Birks of Aberfeldy*—the last being an old tune with words by Burns.

Early Irish songs also show the influence of the pentatonic scale. Irish folk-music is second to none. Ernest Walker says: "The best Irish folk-tunes are gems of absolutely flawless lustre, and it is very rare to meet one entirely lacking in character." One of their special peculiarities

is the reiteration of the key-note at the end of a phrase; though this trait is found to a less extent in English and in Icelandic songs. Sometimes, however, this reiteration occurs on other notes; in the well-known song *My Love's an Arbutus*, it is on the dominant.

In the national and patriotic songs of this collection as compared with the folksongs in the companion volume we find, on the whole, some falling off in the musical quality of the tunes. The patriotic sentiment so easily degenerates into a vulgar Jingoism or Chauvinism. There is a true patriotism—the desire of the poet and the wise man to see his native country realize the Divine Idea for which she stands. But the sentiment which appeals to the people at large is apt to be of coarser quality, and to tend towards the type expressed in the phrase—"My country, right or wrong!" Some of the songs which, occupying the position they do, were bound to be given in the present collection, are unquestionably tainted with this disease; but many others are of rare nobility and breathe high ideals. The two Hebrew songs are remarkable in that they alone of all the collection are definitely religious. Israël in this is true to her ancient ideal of kingship—the Theocracy. Her national consciousness has always been of this character; and after all these centuries of exile and oppression, it is interesting to see the same central idea still cropping up in the songs she adopts as the expression of her national spirit. The first is the less distinctively characteristic of the two. Though the air may be "Hebrew," it is certainly not of pure extraction; the real major key and melodic structure negative such an idea. The second, with its modal structure, and alternative three-measure and two-measure (chorus) phrases, followed by two-measure and one-measure phrases, is of much purer descent, and produces a very striking and individual effect. The whole is very touching and impressive, and forms a fit conclusion to this deeply interesting collection.

N. B. Arnold Anderson —

NOTES ON THE SONGS

No. 1. *God save the King.* ENGLAND

IT is now generally recognized that Henry Carey is the author of both the words and music of the original version of this well-known national song, which appears to have been adopted as a patriotic song during the Jacobite rising in 1743. Since then, it has been considerably modified, and has served as a national song for Germany, America, Denmark, and Switzerland. The Prussian version was first published in 1790 under the title, "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz," with words by Pastor Heinrich Harries (1762-1802). The music was also adapted by the kingdom of Saxony to the words, "Gott segne Sachsenland," the author of the hymn being Siegfried Mahlmann. In 1832, Samuel Smith wrote the American version, which was very popular in the Northern States during the Civil War.

The words of the Prussian, Saxon, and American versions are appended.

PRUSSIAN VERSION

1. *Heil dir im Siegerkranz,
Herrscher des Vaterlands,
Heil, König, dir!
Fühl' in des Thrones Glanz
Die hohe Wonne ganz:
Liebling des Volks zu sein!
Heil, König, dir!*
2. *Nicht Ross' und Reisige
Sichern die steile Höh',
Wo Fürsten stehn;
Liebe des Vaterlands,
Liebe des freien Mann's,
Gründet des Herrschers Thron
Wie Fels im Meer.*
3. *Heilige Flamme, glüh',
Glüh' und erlösche nie
Für's Vaterland!
Wir alle stehen dann
Muthigs für einen Mann,
Kämpfen und bluten gern
Für Thron und Reich.*
4. *Handlung und Wissenschaft
Hebe mit Muth und Kraft
Ihr Haupt empor!*

*Krieger- und Heldenthut
Finde ihr Lorbeerblatt,
Treu aufgehoben dort
An deinem Thron!*

5. *Sei, Friedrich Wilhelm, hier
Lang' deines Volkes Zier,
Der Menschheit Stolz!
Fühl' in des Thrones Glanz
Die hohe Wonne ganz;
Liebling des Volks zu sein!
Heil, König, dir!*

H. HARRIES

SAXON VERSION

1. *Gott segne Sachsenland,
Wo fest die Treue stand
In Sturm und Nacht!
Ew'ge Gerechtigkeit,
Hoch über 'm Meer der Zeit,
Die jedem Sturm' gebeut,
Schütz' uns mit Macht!*
2. *Blühe, du Rautenkranz,
In schöner Tage Glanz,
Freudig empor!
Heil, Friedrich August, dir!
Heil, guter König, dir!
Dich, Vater, preisen wir
Liebend im Chor!*
3. *Was treue Herzen flehn,
Steigt zu des Himmels Höh'n
Aus Nacht zum Licht!
Der unsre Liebe sah,
Der unsre Thränen sah,
Er ist uns huldreich nah,
Verlässt uns nicht!*

SIEGFRIED MAHLMANN

AMERICAN VERSION. (First sung in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832)

1. *My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.*

2. *My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.*

3. *Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.*

4. *Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.*

SAMUEL SMITH

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 42, No. 23. *Boosey*: National Anthems, p. 16. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 4. *Chappell*: Collection of National English Airs, p. 45, No. 88; Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. ii, p. 691, etc. *Cummings, W.*: God save the King (Novello, 1902). *Elgar*: God save the King (Novello). *Erk*: Deutsches Liederschatz, p. 145, No. 137. *Fink*: Musikalischer Hausschatz, p. 270, No. 436. *Härtel*: Deutsches Liederlexikon, p. 231, No. 302. *Moffat and Kidson*: The Minstrelsy of England, p. 3. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., p. 1. *Peters*: Liederschatz, p. 137, No. 126. *Randolph*: Patriotic Songs, p. 9.

No. 2. *Rule, Britannia.* ENGLAND

THE music was composed by Dr. Arne in 1740, and formed one of the numbers in a Masque, entitled "Alfred," which was jointly written by James Thomson and David Mallet, and performed at an entertainment given by the Prince of Wales at Cliefden during the same year. In 1745, the Masque was introduced to London, and performed at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. The song itself was first published as an appendix to *The Judgment of Paris*, also produced in 1740.

The original expression, "*rule the waves*," is retained in preference to the modern form in which the song is usually sung, "*rules the waves*."

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 40, No. 22. *Boosey*: National Anthems, p. 16; Songs of England, vol. i, p. 198. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 2. *Chappell*: Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. ii, p. 686. *Moffat and Kidson*: The Minstrelsy of England, p. 306. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., p. 2.

No. 3. *The British Grenadiers.* ENGLAND

THE words of this stirring military air were probably written during the reign of Queen Anne, while the music is founded on an air that seems to bear some affinity to *The London 'Prentice* (*vide* D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1720), and *Prince Rupert's March*. Its striking resemblance to Carolan's tune, *Grace Nugent*, has suggested an Irish origin, but a melody, entitled "Sir Edward Nowell's Delight," which was printed in a Dutch book in 1634, thirty-six years before Carolan's birth, points with even more likelihood to the original source of the air. The first printed and engraved music sheet appeared in 1780.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of England, vol. i, p. 26. *Chappell*: Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. i, p. 152. *Moffat and Kidson*: The Minstrelsy of England, p. 214. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., p. 76.

No. 4. *Lilliburlero.* ENGLAND

A REVOLUTIONARY song of 1688. Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, who, on a former occasion, had held office in Ireland and given much offence in certain quarters for his arbitrary methods towards the Protestants, was appointed deputy-lieutenant of Ireland by James II in October, 1688. The appointment proved very distasteful to the Protestant party in both England and Ireland, and Lord Wharton, a prominent Whig, made it the occasion for writing a set of verses on the subject, with the title "Lilliburlero." Both this expression and that of "Bullen ala" appear to have been a rallying-cry among the Irish during the rebellion of 1641.

Lord Wharton fitted the rhymes to a quickstep written by Henry Purcell, and after the fall of the dynasty, he is credited with the boast that he had "rhymed James out of three kingdoms."

To quote from Bishop Burnet's *History of his own Times*:

"A foolish ballad was made at that time [1688], treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden, said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on the [King's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And, perhaps, never had so slight a thing so great an effect."

The tune of *Lilliburlero* had been printed, however, before the time at which the words are supposed to have been written, and its sprightly vivacity must have contributed in a great measure to the popular reception of the song.

AUTHORITIES. *Chappell*: Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. ii, p. 568. An interesting account is also to be read in Elson's "National Music of America," pp. 81-87.

No. 5. *Home, Sweet Home*. ENGLAND

THIS song, which was introduced into Bishop's opera, *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, at Covent Garden, in 1823, appeared formerly in a collection of *Melodies of Various Nations*, made by the same composer for Messrs. Goulding & Co., where it is stated to be a "Sicilian Air." Recent investigations, however, have led to the supposition that Bishop wrote the air himself, and passed it off as Sicilian. The title-page of the song, as it was published in the opera, bears the following inscription: "Composed and partly founded on a Sicilian Air by Henry R. Bishop." The air at once caught the popular fancy, and, at the present day, the well-known strain often brings a tear to the eye of the wanderer in distant lands. The words are by the American John Howard Payne, and their pathetic tenderness and beauty have undoubtedly contributed to the public favor of the song.

AUTHORITIES. *Bishop*: *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*; *Melodies of Various Nations*. *Boosey*: Songs of England, vol. i, p. 213. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, chap. i. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., No. 3. *Randolph*: Patriotic Songs, p. 118.

No. 6. *Scots, wha hae*. SCOTLAND

THE words are by Burns, who adapted them, in 1793, to the old traditional air of *Hey tuttie tattie*, which is said to have been sung by Robert Bruce's men at the battle of Bannockburn. A Jacobite version—the words of which are given below—preceded that of Burns, but since 1799, the present version has been adopted as the national song of the Scottish people.

JACOBITE VERSION

1. *Weel may we a' be,
Ill may we never see;
Here 's to the king
And the good company.
Fill, fill a bumper high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him, fie! fie!
That winna do 't again.*
2. *Here 's to the king, boys!
Ye ken wha I mean, boys;
And to every honest man,
That will do 't again.
Fill, fill, etc.*
3. *Here 's to the chieftains
Of the gallant Scottish clans;
They hae done it mair than anes,
And they 'll do 't again.
Fill, fill, etc.*
4. *When the pipes begin to play
Tutti taitti to the drum,
Out claymore, and down the gun,
And to the knaves again!
Fill, fill, etc.*

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of Scotland, vol. i, p. 28. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 20. *Crosby*: Caledonian Musical Repository, p. 173. *Graham*: Songs of Scotland, vol. i, p. 80. *Greig*: Scots Minstrelsie, vol. i, p. 14. *Mitchison*: Handbook of the Songs of Scotland, p. 154. *Moffat*: Minstrelsy of Scotland, p. 195. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., No. 33.

Thomson: Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs, vol. iii, p. 33.

No. 7. *Auld Lang Syne*. SCOTLAND

THE words, written by Burns in 1788 to a traditional tune, are undoubtedly founded on an older song. According to Stenhouse, the tune was formerly known under the name of "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," and originally served as an old Strathspey. *Auld Lang Syne* is not only the national song of Scotland, but has been described as the social song of all the English-speaking races. It is sung to speed the parting guest, and for more than a hundred years has been regarded as the song of farewell, and the pledge of old and new friendships.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of Scotland, vol. i, p. 108. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 21. *Crosby*: Caledonian Musical Repository, p. 142. *Graham*: Songs of Scotland, vol. ii, p. 36. *Greig*: Scots Minstrelsie, vol. vi, p. 412. *Mitchison*: Handbook of the Songs of Scotland, p. 42. *Moffat*: Minstrelsy of Scotland, p. 200. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., p. 32. *Thomson*: Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs, vol. ii, p. 68.

No. 8. *Saint Patrick was a Gentleman*. IRELAND

BOTH words and music of *Saint Patrick was a Gentleman* are essentially Irish, and the song is fully entitled to national honors. It was originally written by two Irishmen, Henry Bennett and W. Tolekin of Cork, who are said to have sung it in alternate lines for the first time in public at a masquerade in 1814 or 1815.

AUTHORITIES. *Chappell*: Musical Magazine. *Croker, T. C.*: Popular Songs of Ireland. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, p. 364. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., p. 47.

No. 9. *Saint Patrick's Day*. IRELAND

THIS is one of the most popular melodies of Ireland, reflecting in a characteristic manner the temperament of the Irish people. It was originally a jig, and as such appeared in Playford's *Dancing Master*. In 1748, Rutherford printed it in his two hundred *Country Dances*. It is to be regretted that Moore, who wrote and adapted

his verses to popular Irish melodies, did not preserve in all cases—and in this case particularly—the spirit and essential character of the music. The words are not truly wedded to the music, and they betray an English sentiment desirous of stimulating and encouraging the loyalty of the Irish people to the Crown. The patron Saint is not even mentioned. For "Saint Patrick's Day" the poet, obedient to his English sympathies, has substituted his "Prince's Day." Is it to be wondered that at the present day, the melody is more often heard as a dance-tune, or regimental quick-step?

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of Ireland, p. 94. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 44. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, p. 364. *Moffat*: Minstrelsy of Ireland, p. 272.

No. 10. *The Wearing of the Green*. IRELAND

THE origin of this pathetic melody is very doubtful, but the song appeared as an anonymous street ballad during the Irish rebellion of 1798, and was forbidden to be sung by the authorities, who sternly repressed the wearing of the shamrock as the national emblem. In recent years only, the prohibition has been officially withdrawn, and the custom has been honored by permission being granted to the nation for the "wearing of the green." The song may truly be said to have symbolized the national aspirations of the people.

AUTHORITIES. *Bayley & Ferguson*: Scottish Students' Songbook, p. 70. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 34.

No. 11. *Men of Harlech* (*Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech*). WALES

THIS song is generally regarded as the national song of Wales, in preference to *God bless the Prince of Wales*, or *Land of my Fathers*. It refers to the siege of Harlech Castle in 1468, by the Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Edward IV. The air itself is undoubtedly old, and possesses a distinctly vigorous and martial spirit. The tune has been adopted in America, where it is known as the "March of the Men of Columbia."

AUTHORITIES. *Bayley & Ferguson*: Scottish Students' Songbook, p. 72. *Boosey*: Songs of Wales, p. 82. *Breitkopf & Härtel*: Volksliederbuch, No. 80. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 46. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., No. 49. *Parry*: Cambrian Minstrelsie. *Randolph*: Patriotic Songs, p. 188.

No. 12. *Malbrouk to war is going (Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre)*. FRANCE

THE original air is supposed to have been brought to Europe from the Crusades by Gottfried von Bouillon, but as there are no reliable records of the fact, it is safer to assume the tune to have been in existence at the time when the couplets were composed, presumably about the time of the battle of Malplaquet (1709), when Marlborough's name was known to many on the Continent. The real success of the song, however, dates from 1781, when the air was used as a cradle-song by Marie Antoinette to rock the Dauphin to sleep. All Paris took up the refrain, and it was to be heard in every saloon and café, and at every street corner. Napoleon, who had little ear for music, is reported to have been heard humming the air on occasions. The song rapidly made its way across the Channel, and conquered England. It is now more familiarly known under the titles of "We won't go home till morning" and "For he's a jolly good fellow," with, however, a few slight alterations in the turn of the melody. It is an interesting fact that the song is known to the Arabs even at the present day, under the title of "Mabrook" and "Mabrooka," but it was probably learned from the French soldiers during Napoleon's expedition to Egypt. The Arabic version runs—

Mabrook saffur lel harbi
Ya lailya lailya laila
Mabrook saffur lel harbi
Wu el a metta yerdja.

Beethoven introduced the air into his Battle Symphony, composed in 1813, and intended it to represent the French Army.

AUTHORITIES. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, pp. 238 et seq. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 6, No. 6. *Weckerlin*: Chansons Populaires, vol. ii, p. 118.

No. 13. *It was Dunois the young and brave (Partant pour la Syrie)*. FRANCE

A FRENCH Royalist song, of which both the words and the tune are supposed to have been written by Queen Hortense. According to others, the words are by Laborde, and the music by Drouët.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 38, No. 21. *Boosey*: Songs of France, p. 270. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 78. *Gauvin*: Chansons de nos pères. *Weckerlin*: Chansons Populaires, vol. i, p. 164.

No. 14. *The Marseillaise (La Marseillaise)*. FRANCE

THE words and music of this celebrated song are attributed to Rouget de l'Isle, who is said to have written them in 1792, on the eve of the Revolution. In its original form, the song was known as "Chant de l'armée du Rhin." The song was taken up by the Marseillais on their famous march to Paris, and sung by them during the attack on the Tuileries. The Parisians, supposing the song to be the Hymn of the Marseillais, gave it its present title, and adopted it as the National Hymn of the Republic. It has remained the chief national song of France ever since.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 24, No. 16. *Boosey*: Songs of France, p. 273. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 76. *Gauvin*: Chansons de nos pères. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux. *Weckerlin*: Chansons Populaires, vol. i, p. 121.

No. 15. *The Carmagnole (La Carmagnole)*. FRANCE

MANY sad memories are attached to this song, of which neither the author nor composer is known. It appeared at the commencement of the Revolution, about the time when the French troops, having invested Piedmont, had captured the stronghold of Carmagnole. Brought back from Italy by the soldiers, the song immediately became popular. It was danced and sung everywhere. Together with the *Ça ira*, it became a song intimately associated with the guillotine, and accompanied many unfortunates on their way to execution.

Missing
 12/14/59

AUTHORITIES. *Gauvin*: Chansons de nos pères, p. 118.
Weckerlin: Chansons populaires, vol. i, p. 129.

No. 16. *Ah! it will go! (Ah! ça ira!)*
 FRANCE

THIS terrible Revolutionary song was composed by a Citizen Ladré on the occasion of the Federation Fête held on the Champ de Mars on July 14, 1790, but the original words were afterwards replaced by the present version. The refrain was really an adaptation of a popular Contredanse, at that time much in vogue, known as the *Carillon national de Bécourt*, which the unfortunate Marie Antoinette is said to have been fond of playing on her clavecin. Could she have foreseen that this dainty dance-tune, transformed into a song, would one day accompany her to the scaffold! The guillotine received its victims to the strains of the *Ça ira*, chanted rhythmically by the crowds escorting the tumbrils to the place of execution.

AUTHORITIES. *Gauvin*: Chansons de nos pères, p. 119.
Weckerlin: Chansons populaires, vol. i, p. 126.

No. 17. *Who'd have believed (La Brabançonne)*. BELGIUM

THE song appeared in 1830, during the struggle between Belgium and Holland, when the former country desired self-government and release from the Dutch yoke. It was adopted as the war-song of the Belgians, and has remained since then the national song of the state. The verses were written by Jenneval, and set to music by François van Campenhout. It was dedicated to the defenders of Brussels, which, at that time, was being threatened by a Dutch army.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 22, No. 15. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 5. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 138. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 18. *The Watch on the Rhine (Die Wacht am Rhein)*. GERMANY

TO the struggle between France and Germany for the possession of the Rhine we owe many of the patriotic songs associated with this historic

river. The present text was written by Schneck-enburger in 1840, and received many musical settings, the most popular being that composed by Carl Wilhelm in 1854. During the Franco-Prussian war in 1870-71, the song had an enormous vogue among the soldiers of the German army, and at the close of the war, it was adopted as the national song of United Germany, the composer receiving a pension.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 15b; Songs of Germany, No. 1. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 88. *Erk*: Deutsches Liederschatz, No. 134. *Fink*: Musikalischer Hausschatz, No. 379. *Peters*: Liederschatz, No. 138; Volksliederbuch, No. 20.

No. 19. *Rhine Song (Rheinlied)*. GERMANY

THIS song, the music of which was composed by Kunze to the verses of Becker in 1840, enjoyed considerable favor in Prussia for many years, and was adopted as a national song, inspired by defiance of the French. It elicited from the French poet, Alfred de Musset, a satirical poem, entitled, "Nous l'avons eu votre Rhin allemand." Of late years, it has given place to *Die Wacht am Rhein*. (Vide previous Note, No. 18.)

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of Germany, p. 7. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 89. *Erk*: Deutsches Liederschatz, No. 139. *Fink*: Musikalischer Hausschatz, No. 399. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, p. 87. *Härtel*: Deutsches Liederlexikon, No. 690. *Peters*: Liederschatz, No. 128.

No. 20. *I am a Prussian (Ich bin ein Preusse)*. GERMANY

A POPULAR patriotic song of Prussia until the Franco-German War, before which event it received national honors. Since 1870-71, it has been more or less superseded by *Die Wacht am Rhein*, the national song of United Germany. The music was composed by A. Neidhardt.

AUTHORITY. *Boosey*: National Anthems; Songs of Germany, p. 14.

No. 21. *Prince William (Wilhelmus van Nassouwe)*. HOLLAND

THIS old song, dating from the sixteenth century, is attributed to Marnix de Saint Aldegonde,

a friend of Calvin, and the words refer to an episode in the life of William the Silent. Although at one time it was in danger of being forgotten, it has been revived recently with success, and now takes its place as a typical national song, rivalling in popular favor *Wien neêrlandsch bloed*. As a rule, the first verse only is sung.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 19a; Songs of Scandinavia, p. 162. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 133. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 31, No. 24. *Reimann*: Internationales Volksliederbuch, vol. i, p. 6, No. 2. *Röntgen*: Altniederländische Volkslieder, No. 7.

No. 22. *Let all with Dutch blood in their veins* (*Wien neêrlandsch bloed*). HOLLAND

THE verses first appeared in a collection of songs, published in 1815, by the Dutch poet Hendrik van Tollens, and the author was at once acclaimed as the national poet. The present text was set to music by Smits in 1820, since when it has remained the national song of the country, though lately it has shared almost equal honors with the older national air of *Wilhelmus van Nassouwe*.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 21, No. 14. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 19 b; Songs of Scandinavia, p. 158. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 132. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 30, No. 23. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 23. *Bergen op Zoom*. HOLLAND

AN old Dutch war-song, dating from 1622, referring to the Spanish occupation of the Netherlands, and the investment of the town of Bergen op Zoom.

AUTHORITIES. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 134. *Reimann*: Internationales Volksliederbuch, vol. ii, p. 4, No. 36. *Röntgen*: Altniederländische Volkslieder, No. 9.

No. 24. *God preserve our noble Emperor* (*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser*). AUSTRIA

IT has been said that, during his visit to London, Haydn was so stirred by the strains of *God save the King* that he resolved to write a national anthem on similar lines for his own country. On his return to Vienna, he composed the present hymn, and it was first publicly sung at the

National Theatre there in 1797. It was enthusiastically received, and achieved immediate popularity, being at once accepted and adopted as the Austrian national hymn. It remained Haydn's favorite composition, and shortly before he died, it is related that he had himself carried from his bed to the piano, where, for the last time, he played over his immortal hymn.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 20, No. 13. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 3; Songs of Eastern Europe, p. 1. Songs of Germany, p. 2. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 62. *Erk*: Deutsches Liederschatz, No. 136. *Fink*: Musikalischer Hausschatz, No. 434. *Härtel*: Deutsches Liederlexikon, No. 299. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux. *Peters*: Liederschatz, p. 125; Volksliederbuch, No. 29.

No. 25. *National Hymn* (*Hymnusz*). HUNGARY

THE most famous national tune of the Hungarians is the widely known *Rákoczy March*, which, in its original form, was a lament for the hero Rákoczy, and dates from the end of the eighteenth century. Berlioz, having heard a military band arrangement of the march, introduced it into his *Damnation of Faust*, with an immediate and popular success. As there are no words to this march, the present hymn has been selected as the best example of the many patriotic songs that abound in this musical land. The music is by Franz Erkel (1810–1893), a native composer highly esteemed by his fellow-countrymen, and the original words are by Koseley.

AUTHORITIES. *Grove*: Dictionary of Music and Musicians. *S. Rousseau*: Chants Nationaux. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc.

No. 26. *Garibaldi's War Hymn*. ITALY

THE honors of Italian national music are shared by the *Marche Royale* and *Garibaldi's War Hymn*, but as the former is purely instrumental, the *War Hymn* has been selected for the present edition. Since the War of Independence, however, Italy has been without a national song, in the strict sense of the word. The words of the present hymn were written in 1859 by Mercantini, a Professor at Palermo, and the music

is attributed to Olivieri. In character the music somewhat resembles the *Marseillaise*, with the swing of its rhythm and its appeal to patriotic sentiment.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 48, No. 25. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 122.

No. 27. *Riego's Hymn (El Himno de Riego)*.
SPAIN

THE *Riego Hymn*, dating from 1820, rivals the *Marcha Real* in popularity, and in some respects may be regarded as the revolutionary song of Spain. It is strongly patriotic in sentiment, and breathes the air of liberty in opposition to the spirit of royalty.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 50, No. 26. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 176. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 111, No. 96. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 28. *Royal March (Marcha Real)*. SPAIN
SPAIN, like Italy, possesses a national anthem that is more often played than sung on state occasions. In the present instance, the words have been adapted by Almendros, and refer to the reigning sovereign, but the march itself possesses some historical, if little musical interest. The composer is unknown, and the origin of the march has become a subject for controversy, one of the traditions being, that the music having been composed in honor of Frederick the Great, that monarch made a present of it to Charles III. According to others, the march was composed by command of Philip V. At all events, it cannot be regarded as a great or inspired work, and is far inferior to many of the national songs that belong to the Continent.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 33. *Dotesio et Cie.*: Musique Espagnole. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 29. *National Hymn (Hymno Nacional)*.
PORTUGAL

BOTH words and music were composed by Dom Pedro IV in 1822, under the title of *Hymno Imperial Constitucional*, since when it has served as

the official hymn on all state occasions. When Don Carlos I ascended the throne, it was intended to supersede this hymn by another that had been specially written and distributed among the troops. This was found to be inadequate, however, and the *Hymno Nacional* was restored to its place of honor.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 52, No. 27. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 26. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 181; *Cancioneiro de Musicas Populares*, vol. iv, No. 23. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 30. *King Christian stood beside the mast (Kong Christian stod ved højen Mast)*.
DENMARK

THE melody of the Danish national hymn is of ancient origin, the author being unknown. It was first published in a lyrical drama by Ewald, entitled "Fiskerne" (The Fishermen), produced at Copenhagen about 1775. The drama included a new musical adaptation of the old popular air by Johannes Hartmann. It was well received, and soon came to be regarded as the national song of Denmark. The verses recall and sing the praises of various Danish heroes.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 6, No. 4. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 12; *Songs of Scandinavia*, p. 128. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 160. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 82, No. 69. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 31. *Denmark's Verdant Meadows (Thyra Dannebod)*.
DENMARK

THE verses were written by L. O. Kok and set to music by P. E. Rasmussen (1776-1860), by whom it was adapted from an old folk-melody.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 2, No. 2. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 81, No. 68.

No. 32. *Song of Denmark (Sang for Danske)*.
DENMARK

THE melody dates from 1826, the composer being C. E. F. Weyse, who set the music to the verses by C. J. Boye (1791-1853).

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 4, No. 3. *Boosey*: *Songs of Scandinavia*, p. 138.

No. 33. *Iceland (Island)*. ICELAND

THE national song is founded on an old popular folk-melody, that is said to bring joy to the heart of every Icelander. It is written in the Lydian mode.

AUTHORITY. *Hammerich*: Studien über isländische Musik. (Sammelbände der I. M. G., Jahrgang I, Heft 3.)

No. 34. *Sons of Norway (Sønner af Norge)*. NORWAY

SCANDINAVIA possesses a rich store of national songs, many of recent origin, reflecting the patriotic aspirations and emotions of the people. The Norwegians have a distinct leaning for democracy, and this spirit is faithfully portrayed in their songs. In the present case the verses were written by H. A. Bjerregaard (1792–1842), and were set to music by C. Blom (1782–1861). The song therefore dates from some fifty years ago.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 8, No. 5. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 23. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 166. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 69, No. 58.

No. 35. *Ay, this Land (Ja, vi elsker dette Landet)*. NORWAY

THE words are by the well-known poet, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, to which Rikard Nordraak wrote the music.

AUTHORITIES. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 167. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 36. *From Depths of Swedish Hearts (Ur Svenska hjertans)*. SWEDEN

ALTHOUGH the melody of *God save the King* serves as the Swedish national anthem, the present song, of which the poet Strandberg wrote the words and Lindblad composed the music, has been adopted officially by the court. It is used more often as an instrumental hymn, the words, with the exception of the first verse, being almost forgotten; but the sentiment remains.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 34. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 37. *Carl Johan*. SWEDEN

VERSES written by Henrik A. Kullberg (1772–1834) in praise of Charles John XIV of Sweden, otherwise Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals. The music was composed by Jean Du Puy (1773–1822), a Swiss musician, who, following the fortunes of the Bernadottes, settled in Stockholm in 1812.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 15, No. 9. *Boosey*: Songs of Scandinavia, p. 68. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 171.

No. 38. *God save the Czar (Bojé tsaria Khrani)*. RUSSIA

THE words were written in 1833 by Joukowsky, and set to music by Alexis Lwoff, by command of the Czar Nicholas I. It is a truly noble and dignified hymn, imbued with religious feeling, vigorous, and soul-stirring. It should be capable of inspiring a nation to great deeds.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 54, No. 28. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 29; Songs of Scandinavia, p. 1. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 142. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 87, No. 74. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 39. *Polish National Song (Jeszcze Polska)*. POLAND

THE melody is attributed to Oginski (1765–1835). The song is said to have been very popular with the Polish legionaries during the struggle for liberation from the Russian yoke in 1830–31. Wybicki is the author of the words.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 54, No. 29. *Boosey*: Songs of Scandinavia, p. 54. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 153.

No. 40. *God for Poland (Boże coś Polskę)*. POLAND

THE author of the words is unknown. The melody is attributed to Kurpinski.

AUTHORITY. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 58, No. 31.

No. 41. *Our Land, our Fatherland (Vårt land, vårt fosterland)*. FINLAND

THE words of Finland's national anthem are

from the pen of the poet Runeberg, to whose memory a monument has been erected at Helsingfors. The music was composed by Friedrich Pacius, a pupil of Spohr. For many years he was the Director of Music and a professor of the University at Helsingfors. There are eleven verses to the poem; the first only is presented in this volume.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 17, No. 21. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 42. *Long live our noble King (Tracască Regele)*. ROUMANIA

IN 1861, the Roumanian government offered a prize for a national hymn. This was won by the poet Alexandri, and A. Hübsch, who wrote the music. On January 22, 1862, the hymn was adopted by the Roumanian army.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 28. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 43. *Rise, O Servians! (Ustaj, ustaj, Srbine)*. SERBIA

THE peculiarity that many Servian songs possess of ending on the supertonic has already been referred to (*vide* notes to *One Hundred Folksongs of All Nations*), and the same effect is observed in the present song. Both author and composer are unknown, but the song first came into prominence in 1848, when the Servians were at war with the Hungarians.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of Eastern Europe, p. 137. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 114. *Kubač*: Narodne Popievke, No. 1568. (Südslavische Nationalmelodien.)

No. 44. *Join, O Maritza (Choumi Maritza)*. BULGARIA

DURING the insurrection against the Turks in 1876, the Bulgarians improvised this marching song, founded upon an old popular air. It was afterwards adopted as a national song, and in some respects its history resembles that of the *Mar-seillaise*. The words refer to the name of a river, that had been the scene of much bloodshed. The music has been adapted as the Trio of a national march, in which form it is often to be met with.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 8. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 45. *Song to the Sultan (L'Hamidié)*. TURKEY

THE Turks are said to change their national anthem on the accession of each new sultan. From a musical point of view there is little to recommend the present song, based as it is upon a vulgar march tune. It appears to have been composed by Nedjib Pasha, the director of the Conservatoire, for the Sultan Abdul Hamid, the author of the words being unknown. Perhaps the words were adapted to fit the music. However, it serves its purposes, and is solemnly performed on all official and state occasions, more often as an instrumental than a vocal hymn.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 36. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 46. *Hymn to Freedom (Se gnori z'apo tin kopsi)*. GREECE

ON the accession of Prince William of Denmark to the throne of Greece as George I, the *Hymn to Freedom*, which had been written by the poet Salomos, a native of Zante, in 1823, was set to music by N. Manzaros, and adopted as the national hymn of the country. In 1897, it received its baptism of blood.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 62, No. 34. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 17. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 47. *War Song ('O Kairos adelphoi)*. GREECE

THE author and composer of this stirring war-song are both unknown, but the song is known to date from a period antecedent to the War of Independence, and it probably arose out of the continual struggles between the Greeks and the Turks. Lord Byron wrote a translation of the verses in 1810,

Sons of Greece, arise!

but the metre is not appropriate to the rhythm of the music.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 64, No. 35. *Boosey*: Songs of Eastern Europe, p. 178. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 104.

No. 48. *Khedival Hymn* (*Ha ni an bé*). EGYPT

THE so-called *Khedival Hymn* has received official sanction, though it may be doubted if the strains are familiar to many of the Khedive's subjects. Both author and composer are unknown. Like the Turkish *L'Hamidié*, it possesses little musical charm, the melody evidently being based upon an Occidental march tune.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 13. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 218. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 49. *May our Lord long reign* (*Kimi ga yo wa*). JAPAN

Kimi ga yo wa
Chiyo ni yachiyo ni
Sazaré ishi no
I wao to narité
Koké no musu madé.

Or

Ki mi ga yo wa
Chi yo ni ya chi yo ni
Sa za ré ishi no
I wa o to na ri té
Ko ké no mu su ma dé.

THE Japanese national anthem is founded on a melody by Hayashi Hiromori, and possesses a distinct characteristic of its own, not without charm even to Western ears.

AUTHORITIES. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 252. *Capellen*: Shogaku Shoku, No. 1. *Duncan*: Songs of the East, No. 3. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 50. *Drill Song* (*Shōtai*). JAPAN

THIS is a favorite marching tune among the Japanese soldiers, and was very popular during the war. It is also used during drill exercise with effective results, and has been arranged for military bands for performance on national and festive occasions.

AUTHORITY. *Capellen*: Shogaku Shoku, No. 3.

No. 51. *The Star-Spangled Banner*. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE most popular of the American patriotic songs, and considered by the Americans themselves as the national song of the United States. The verses were written by a young lawyer, Francis Scott Key, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry (in Chesapeake Bay), of which he was an eye-witness, at the time of the naval war between England and America, known as the War of 1812. The words were adapted to the old English drinking-song entitled "Anacreon in Heaven," the tune having been composed by John Stafford Smith (1750-1836), and the probable date of the song being 1770-75. An earlier American adaptation of the air, entitled "Adams and Liberty," with words by Thomas Paine, was printed in the *American Musical Miscellany*, in 1798. The music is also found serving as an accompaniment to a Masonic Ode, beginning:

To old Hiram, in Heav'n, etc.,

and contained in a *Selection of Masonic Songs*, by Brother S. Holden. Mr. Louis C. Elson possesses a setting of the tune bearing the imprint, "Dublin, A.L. 5802 (A.D. 1802)." However, the present version was first publicly sung in a tavern, near the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang, each verse being enthusiastically applauded.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 2 b. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 188. *Elson*: The National Music of America, chap. vii. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, pp. 97 et seq. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., No. 54. *Randolph*: Patriotic Songs, p. 72.

No. 52. *Yankee Doodle*. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THIS tune, in one form or another, has been recognized in Holland, Hungary, and the Pyrenees, from its likeness to certain local melodies, and it appears to have had some popularity as a country dance in England in the eighteenth century. During the time of the American Revolution, the tune, having found its way across the ocean in the British army bands, was appro-

priated by the colonists, and ultimately developed into a song of national importance. Like the well-known *Lilliburlero* of the English Revolution, *Yankee Doodle* is said to have begun and ended the American War of Independence. Later and more popular version of the text is as follows:

*Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a little pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called it Macaroni.*

AUTHORITIES. *Elson*: The National Music of America. *Grove*: Dictionary of Music and Musicians. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc.

No. 53. *Hail Columbia*. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE words of this celebrated song were written for a special national gathering in the summer of 1798, by Joseph Hopkinson, and adapted to the air of *The President's March*, a composition by a German, named Phyla or Pfeil. As this march had been played on the occasion of Washington's inauguration at New York, it was considered at the time most suitable for selection as a national song. On its initial performance at Philadelphia in the same year, when there was a possibility of war with France, it was received in the theatre by an immense audience with every sign of approval, being vociferously encored, and repeated many times. Of late years its popularity in America has waned somewhat before that of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, but in Europe, *Hail Columbia* is still regarded and accepted as the American national hymn, in preference to any of the other patriotic songs, possibly because it is considered to be a more general expression of American aspirations and sentiments.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 1 a. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 186. *Elson*: The National Music of America, chap. vi. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, p. 100. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux. *Randolph*: Patriotic Songs, p. 20.

No. 54. *The Maple Leaf*. CANADA

BOTH words and music were written by Alexander Muir, and published in 1871. It was soon

afterwards adopted as the national and representative song of Canada.

AUTHORITIES. *Bayley & Ferguson*: Scottish Students' Songbook, p. 74. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 198.

No. 55. *Long live Canadian Maidens (Vive la Canadienne)*. CANADA

A NATIONAL song of the French Canadians. The words have been adapted to the air of an old French song, entitled "Derrière chez mon père," from the Franck-Comté Province. Cf. *Weckerlin*: Chansons Populaires, II, p. 43.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 9. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 200. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 56. *Patriotic Song (Cancion Patriotica)*. MEXICO

A PATRIOTIC song of freedom, dating from 1822. Both author and composer are unknown.

AUTHORITY. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 68, No. 38.

No. 57. *National Hymn (Hymno Nacional)*. BRAZIL

THIS hymn was written on the occasion of the abdication of Dom Pedro I of Brazil, in favor of his son, Dom Pedro d'Alcantara. The event took place April 7, 1831.

AUTHORITIES. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 210. *Cancioneiro de Musicas Populares*, vol. xxiv, p. 282, No. 145.

No. 58. *National Hymn (Himno Nacional)*. ARGENTINA

THIS hymn, which appeared at Buenos Ayres in 1867, was written in celebration of the Argentina "Day of Freedom," May 25, 1810. Both author and composer are unknown. *Berggreen* gives nine verses, two of which we have omitted.

AUTHORITY. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 70, No. 39.

No. 59. *Then did Moses sing (Az yashir Moshe)*. HEBREW

ACCORDING to tradition, this melody of the

"Song of Moses" is said to be identical with that sung by Miriam and her companions after the crossing of the Red Sea, and deliverance from the pursuing Egyptians. It has been generally adopted by every congregation of the Sephardic Liturgy, a fact that is strong evidence in favor of the high antiquity of its origin.

AUTHORITIES. *Engel*: The Music of the Most Ancient Nations, p. 327. *Pauer*: Traditional Hebrew Melodies, p. 7, No. 6. *de Sola*: The Ancient Melodies of the Liturgy of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, p. 9, No. 12, also p. 16.

No. 60. *Give ear, O Lord (Ana bekorenu)*.
HEBREW

THIS characteristic Hebrew song, consisting of alternating *solo* and *chorus*, is probably of Spanish origin, and appears to have been subsequently introduced by the Israelites into the various countries in which they sought refuge from persecution. It is used in the synagogues at the present day.

AUTHORITIES. *Engel*: Music of the Most Ancient Na-

tions, p. 351. *de Sola*: The Ancient Melodies of the Liturgy of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, p. 32, No. 33.

APPENDIX

Know ye that Race (Kent gj dat volk). SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC

THE Boers of the Transvaal possessed at least two or three national songs of more than passing interest. The present song, including both words and music, was written by Miss Catherine F. van Rees, a Dutch lady, born at Zutphen, Holland, in 1831, and it was officially adopted as the national hymn of the South African Republic, in 1875, at the instance of Mr. Burgers, who was then President of the State. During the recent Boer war, this hymn, frequently sung at camp gatherings with bowed head and bended knee, served the Burghers both as a prayer and a battle-song.

AUTHORITIES. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 231. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.



SIXTY PATRIOTIC SONGS
OF ALL NATIONS

GOD SAVE THE KING

(England)

Words and Music attributed to
HENRY CAREY (1692?-1743)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Maestoso

VOICE

mf

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
2. O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies,
3. Thy choi - cest gifts in store, On him be pleased to pour,

PIANO

f

God save the King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
And make them fall. Con - found their pol - i - tics, Frus - trate their
Long may he reign. May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er

cresc. *rit.*

glo - ri - ous, Long to — reign o - ver us, God — save the King!
knav - ish tricks, On Thee our — hopes we fix, God — save the King!
give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God — save the King!

RULE, BRITANNIA!

(England)

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748)

DR. THOMAS A. ARNE (1710-1778)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Risoluto

mf Solo ad lib.

VOICE

1. When Bri - tain first, — at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose — from out the
 2. The na - tions not — so blest as — thee Must in — their turn to
 3. Still more ma - jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - ful from each

PIANO

*mf deciso**cresc.*

az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,
 ty - rants fall, Must in their turn, their turn, their turn to ty - rants fall,
 for - eign stroke, More dread - ful, dread - ful, dread - ful from each for - eign stroke;

*cresc.**mf marcato**cresc.*

This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And guar - dian an - gels
 While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The dread and en - vy
 As the loud blast, — the blast that tears the skies Serves but to root — thy

*mf marcato**cresc.*

f

sang this strain,
of them all. —
na - tive oak. —

"Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves, —

f marcato

cresc.

Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves! Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

Chorus ff

cresc.

ff

cresc.

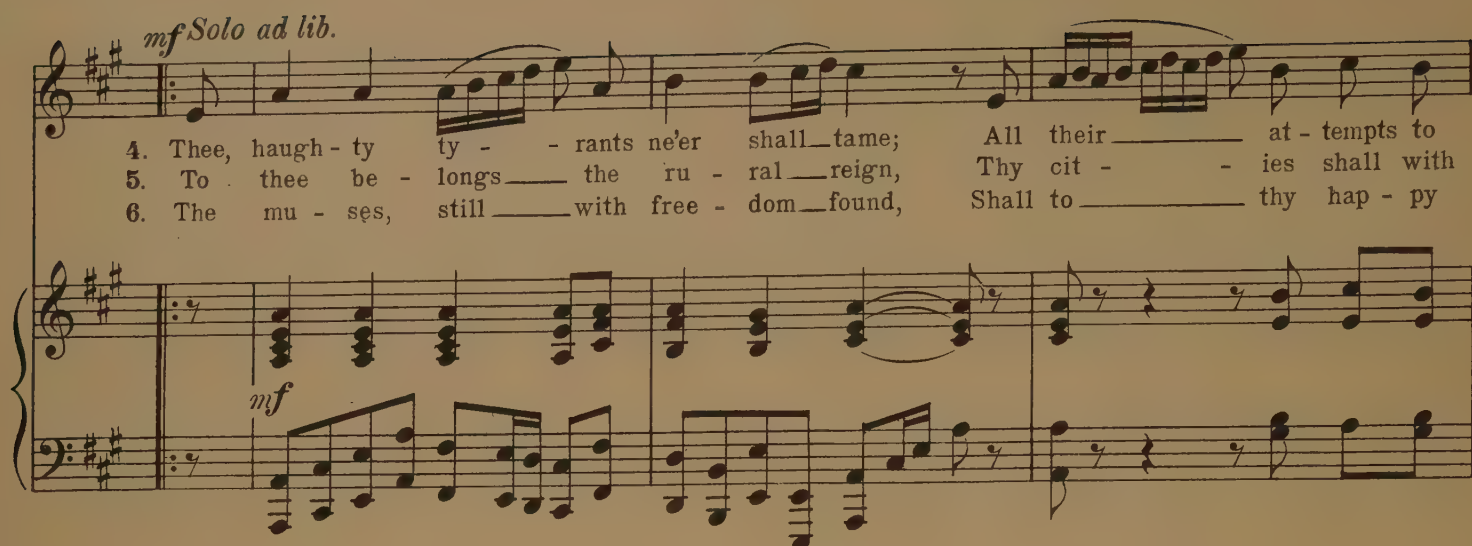
tan - nia, rule the waves, — Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves."

rit.

cresc.

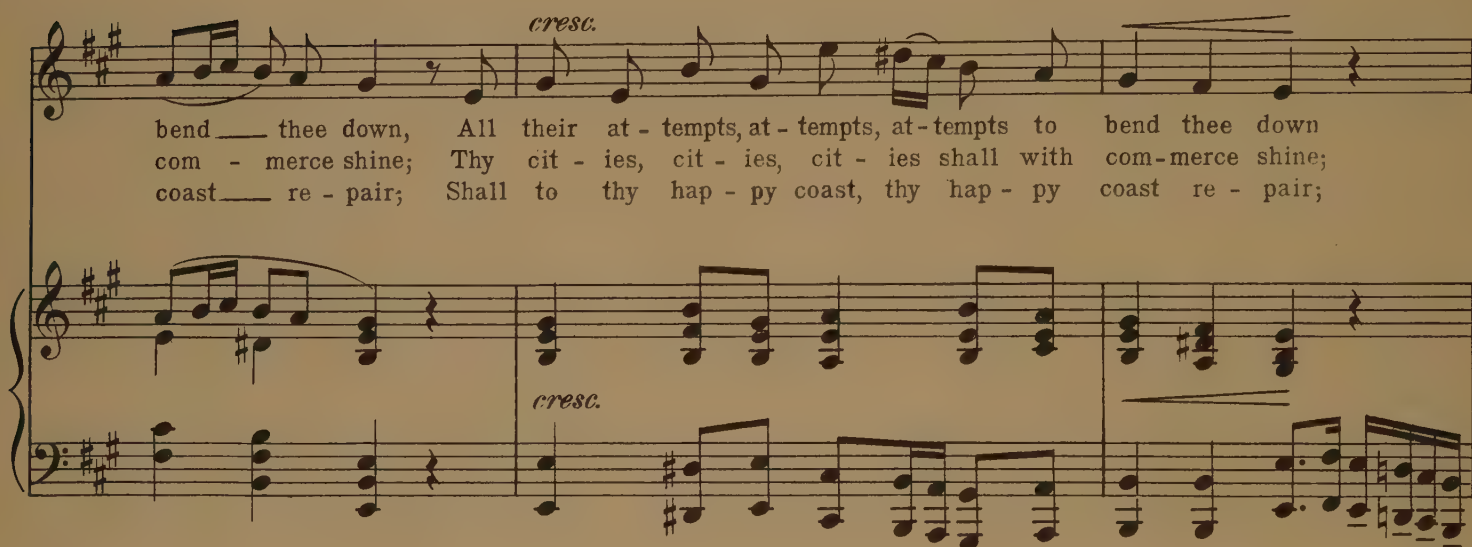
rit.

mf Solo ad lib.



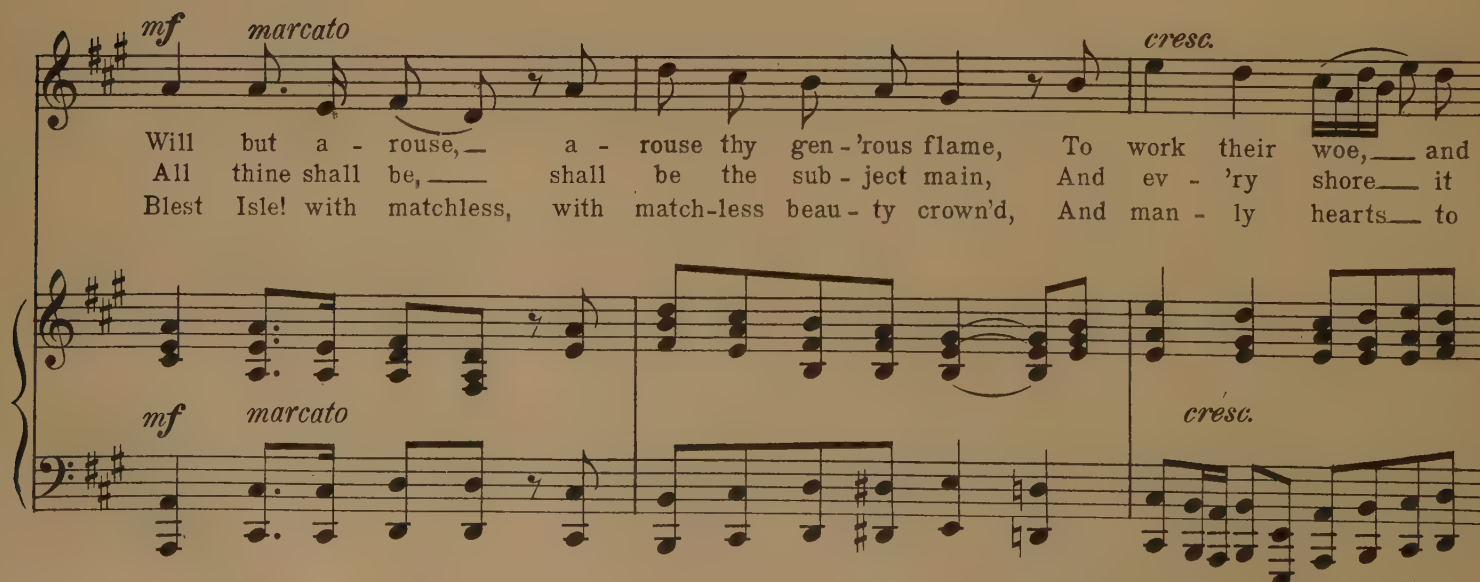
4. Thee, haugh - ty ty - - rants ne'er shall tame; All their at - tempts to
 5. To thee be - longs the ru - ral reign, Thy cit - ies shall with
 6. The mu - ses, still with free - dom found, Shall to thy hap - py

cresc.



bend thee down, All their at - tempts, at - tempts, at - tempts to bend thee down
 com - merce shine; Thy cit - ies, cit - ies, cit - ies shall with com - merce shine;
 coast re - pair; Shall to thy hap - py coast, thy hap - py coast re - pair;

mf marcato cresc.



Will but a - rouse, — a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, To work their woe, — and
 All thine shall be, — shall be the sub - ject main, And ev - 'ry shore — it
 Blest Isle! with matchless, with match - less beau - ty crown'd, And man - ly hearts — to

thy re - nown. —
 cir - cles, thine. — } "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves, —
 guard the fair. — }

f

f marcato

cresc.

Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves! Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

Chorus ff

cresc.

ff

cresc.

tan - nia, rule the waves, — Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves."

rit.

cresc.

rit.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

(England)

Air: Sir Edward Nowell's Delight (1634)
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Alla marcìa con spirito

VOICE *mf*

1. Some talk of A - lex - an - der, and
 2. Those he - roes of an - ti - qui - ty ne'er
 3. When e'er we are com - mand - ed to
 4. And when the siege is o - ver, we
 5. Then let us fill a bump - er, and

PIANO *mf*

8va higher ad lib.

some of Her - cu - les, Of Hec - tor and Ly -
 saw a can - non - ball, Or knew the force of
 storm the pal - i - sades, Our lead - ers march with
 to the town re - pair, The towns - men cry, hur -
 drink a health to those Who car - ry caps and

san - der, and such great names as
 pow - der to slay their foes with
 fus - es, and we with hand - gre -
 rah, boys, here comes a Gren - a -
 pouch - es, and wear the loup - ed

cresc.

these;
al;
nades;
dier,
clothes;

But of all the world's brave he - roes there's
But our brave boys do know it, and
We throw them from the gla - cis, a -
Here, come the Gren - a - diers my boys, who
May they and their com - mand - ers live

cresc.

none that can com - pare With a tow row row row
ban - ish all their fears, Sing tow row row row
bout the en - e - mies' ears, Sing tow row row row
know no doubts or fears, Sing tow row row row
hap - py all their years, With a tow row row row

row row, To the Bri - tish Gren - a - - dier.
row row, For the Bri - tish Gren - a - - diers.
row row, For the Bri - tish Gren - a - - diers.
row row, For the Bri - tish Gren - a - - diers.
row row, For the Bri - tish Gren - a - - diers.

LILLIBURLERO

(England)

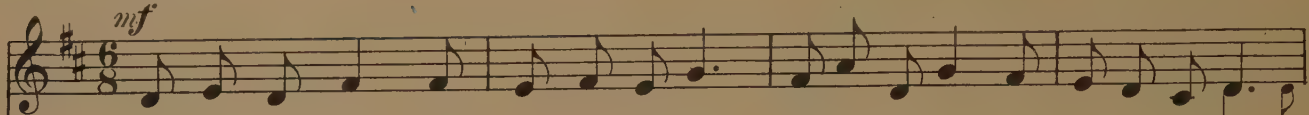
HENRY PURCELL (1658-1695)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

LORD WHARTON

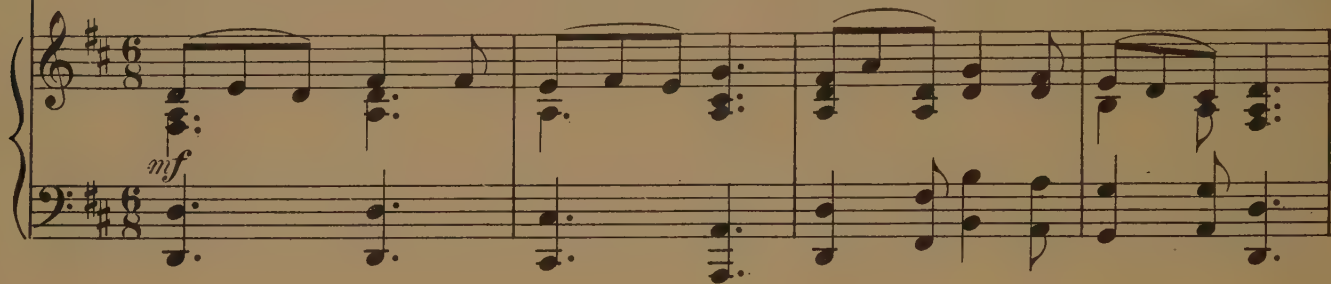
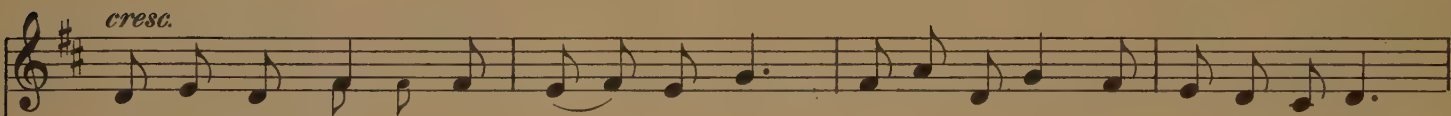
Con gaio

VOICE

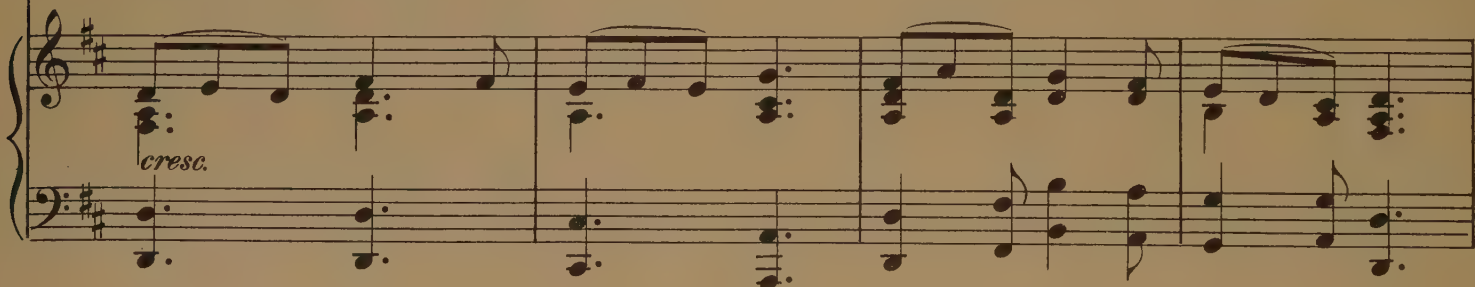
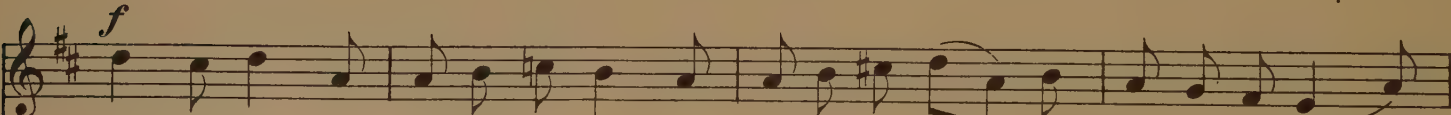


1. Ho! broth-er Teague, dost hear de de-cree? Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la.
 2. Ho! by my soul it is de Tal-bot, Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la.
 3. Tho' by my soul, de Eng-lish do praat, Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la. De
 4. But if dis-pence do come from de Pope, Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la. We'll

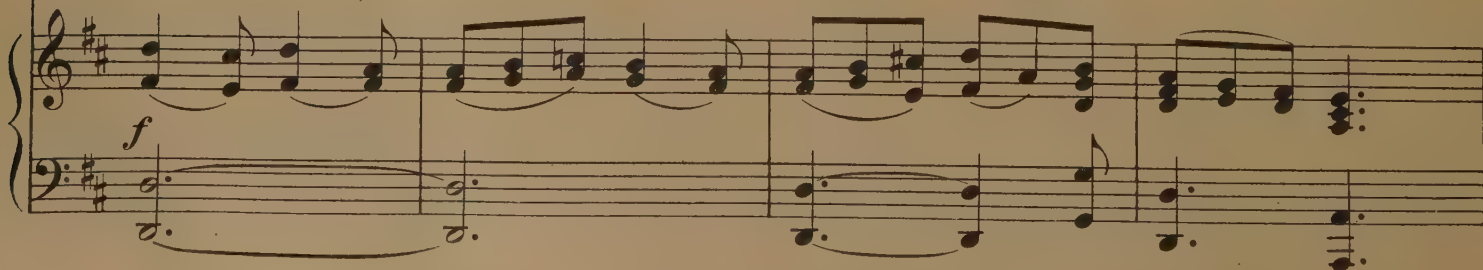
PIANO

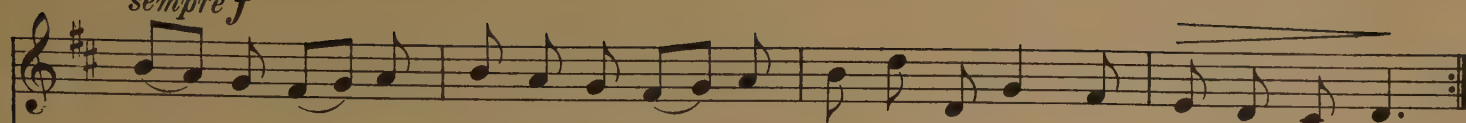
*cresc.*

Dat we shall have a new de-pu-tie, Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la,
 And he will cut all de Eng-lish throat; Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la,
 law's on dare side and Creish knows what. Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la,
 hang Mag-na Char-ta and dem in a rope. Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la,

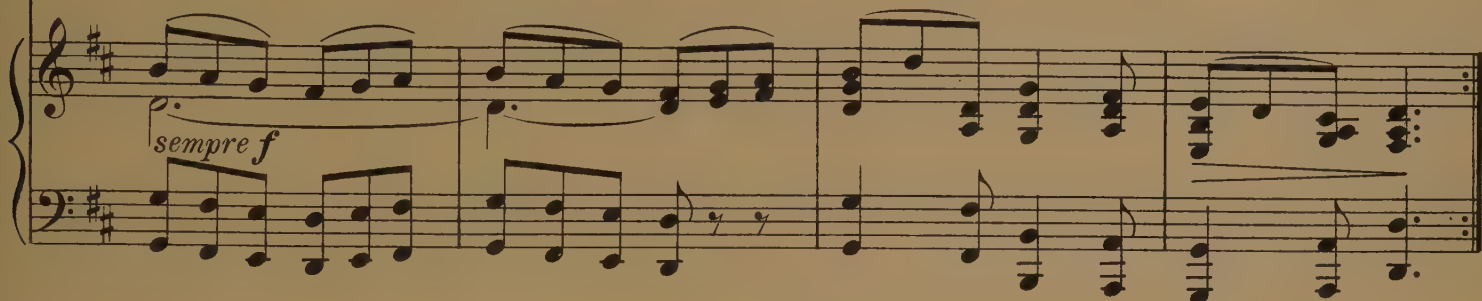
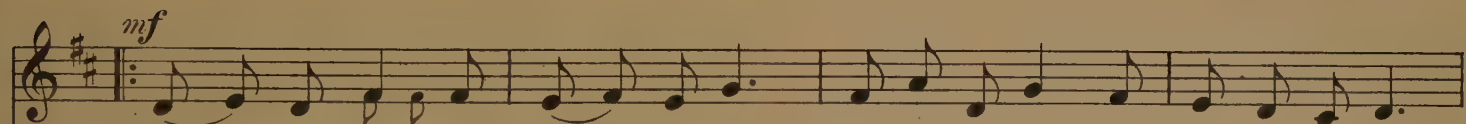
*f*

Le-ro, le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la, —
 Le-ro, le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la, —
 Le-ro, le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la, —
 Le-ro, le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la, —



sempre f

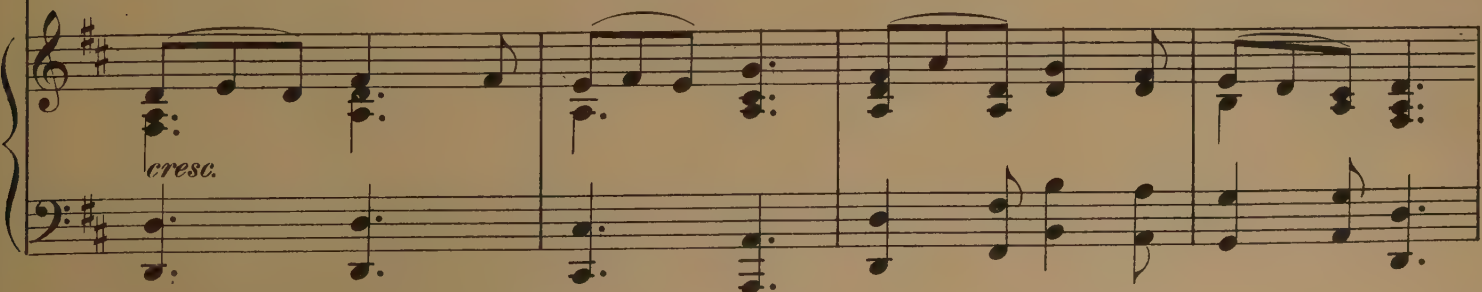
Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

sempre f*mf*

5. And de good Tal - bot is made a lord, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 6. Who all in France have ta - ken a sware, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 7. O, but why does he stay — be - hind? Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 8. Now — Tyr - con - nel is come — a - shore, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

mf*cresc.*

And with brave lads is com - ing a - board. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Dat dey will have no Protest - ant heir. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Ho, by my soul, 'tis a Protest - ant wind. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 And we shall have com - missions ga - lore. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

cresc.

f

Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, ———
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, ———
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, ———
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, ———

f

sempre f

Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

sempre f

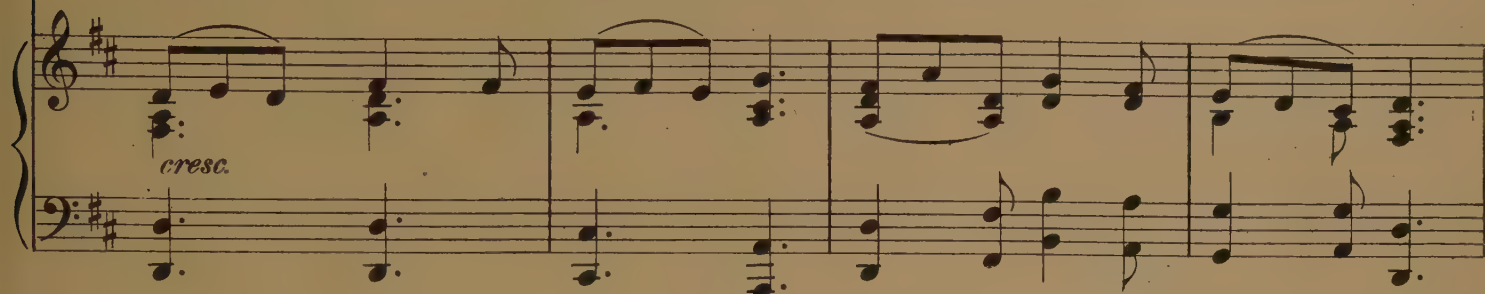
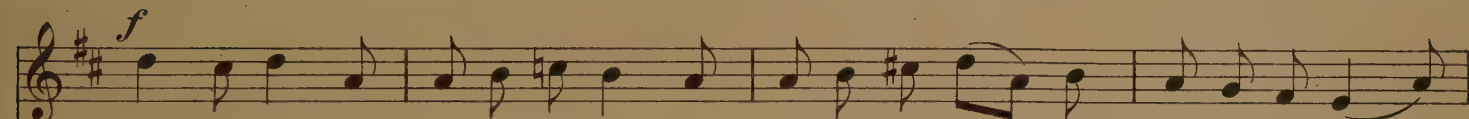
mf

9. And he dat will not go — to mass, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 10. Now, now de her - e - ticks all shall go down, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la. By
 11. Dere was an old pro - phe - cy found in a bog, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 12. And now dis pro - phe - cy is come to pass, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la. For

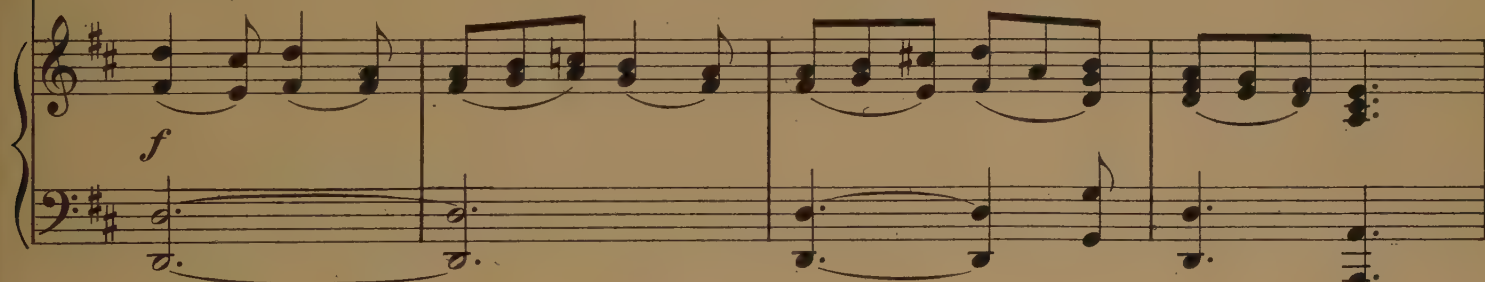
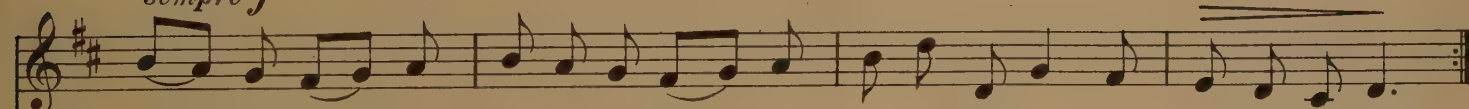
mf

cresc.

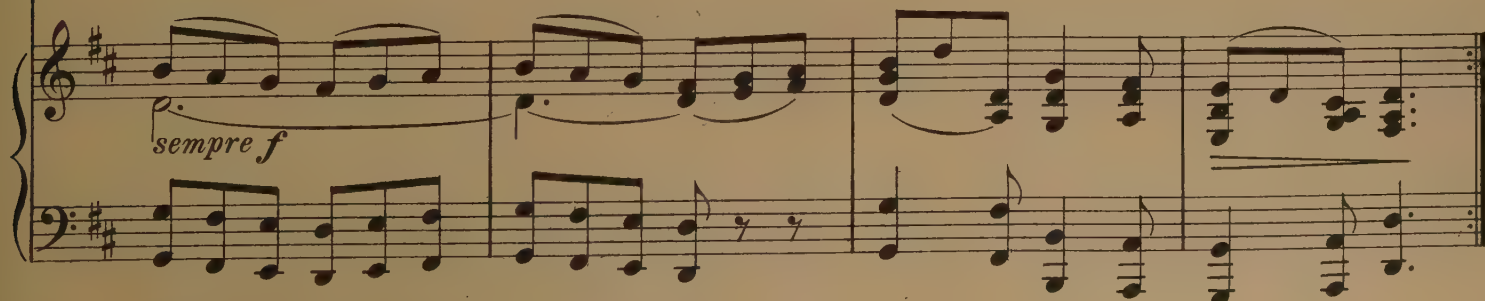
Shall— turn out— and look like an ass. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Creish and St. Pa-trick de na-tion's our own. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Ire-land shall be ruled by an ass and a dog. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Tal-bot's de dog— and James is de ass. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

cresc.*f*

Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —

f*sempre f*

Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

sempre f

HOME, SWEET HOME

(England)

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792-1852)

Sir HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP (1786-1855)
(with the original accompaniment)

Andante

VOICE

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces — though — we may
2. An ex - ile from home — splen - dor daz - zles in

PIANO

2d Verse più animato

p

roam, ——— Be it ev - er so hum - - ble there's
vain, ——— Oh, give ——— me my low - - ly thatch'd

no ——— place like home! ——— A charm ——— from the
cot - - tage a - gain! ——— The birds ——— sing - ing

skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
gai - ly that came at my call, Give me

seek through the world, is ne'er met with else -
them with the peace of mind dear - er than

espress.
where. Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home! There's
all. Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home! There's

pp

Largo *ad lib.*
no place like home, there's no place like home!
no place like home, there's no place like home!

colla voce *ten.*

SCOTS, WHA HAE

(Scotland)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Air: Hey tuttie tattie

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Energico

mf

VOICE

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has
 2. Wha will be a trai-tor knave? Wha can fill a
 3. By op-pres-sion's woes an' pains, By our sons in

PIANO

*mf**marcato*

af-ten led! Wel-come to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-rie!
 cow-ard's grave?— Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn an' flee!
 ser-vile chains,— We will drain our dear-est veins, But they shall be free.

più f

Now's the day, an' now's the hour: See the front of bat-tle lour:
 Wha for Scot-land's king and law, Free-dom's sword will strong-ly draw,
 Lay the proud u-surp-ers low! Ty-rants fall in ev-'ry foe!

*più f**allargando*

See ap-proach proud Ed-ward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-rie!
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa'? Let him fol-low me!
 Lib-er-ty's in ev-'ry blow! Let us do or dee!

*ten.**allargando*

AULD LANG SYNE¹⁾

(Scotland)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Air: I fee'd a lath at Michaelmas
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante

p SOLO

VOICE

1. Should auld ac-quain - tance be for - got, And nev - er brought to
 2. We twa hae run a - bout the braes²⁾ And pu'd the gow - ans³⁾
 3. We twa hae pai - delt⁴⁾ in the burn, Frae morn - ing sun till
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y fere,⁵⁾ And gie's a hand o'
 5. And sure - ly ye'll be your pint-stoup,⁷⁾ And sure - ly I'll be

PIANO

*p**sostenuto**cresc.*

mind? Should auld ac-quain - tance be for - got, And days o' lang — syne?
 fine, But we've wan - der'd mon - ya wear - y foot Sin' auld — lang — syne.
 dine; But seas be - tween us braid hae roard Sin' auld — lang — syne.
 thine; And we'll tak' a richt - gude - wil - lie waught,⁶⁾ For auld — lang — syne.
 mine; And we'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld — lang — syne.

*cresc.**sostenuto*

CHORUS

*mf**cresc.**f*

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang — syne.

*mf**cresc.**f**sosten.*

1. Long ago. 2. Slopes of the hills. 3. Daisies. 4. Paddled in the brook. 5. Friend. 6. A draught with right good will.
 7. Drinking-cup.

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN

(Ireland)

HENRY BENNETT
and
Mr. TOLEKIN (about 1814)

Irish Air
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Vivace
f CHORUS

VOICE

PIANO

f ten.

Saint Pa - trick was a gen - tle - man, And came of de - cent

peo - ple, He built a Church in Dub - lin town; And on it put a — stee - ple.

SOLO
mf

1. His fa - ther was a Gal - la - gher, His moth - er was a Bra - dy, His
2. The Wick - low hills are ve - ry high And so's the hill of Howth, sir; But
3. 'Twas on the top of this high hill Saint Pa - trick preach'd his sar - min, That
4. There's not a mile in Ire - land's isle, Where dirt - y var - min mus - ters, But

f CHORUS

aunt was an O' - Shaugh - nes - sy, His un - cle was an O' - Gra - dy.
 there's a hill much big - ger still, And high - er than them, both, sir.
 drove the frogs in - to the bogs, And ban - ish'd all the var - min.
 there he put his dear fore - foot, And mur - der'd them in clus - ters.

cess at - tend Saint Pa-trick's feast, For he's a saint so clev - er; He

gave the snakes and toads a twist, And both - er'd them for ev - er.

5

Solo The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
 Slap-dash into the water,
 The snakes committed suicide.
 To save themselves from slaughter.

Chorus So success, etc.

6

Solo Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
 He charmed with sweet discourses,
 And dined on them at Killalve,
 In soups and second courses.

Chorus So success, etc.

7

Solo Where blind-worms crawling o'er the grass
 Disgusted all the nations,
 He gave them a rise which opened their eyes
 To a sense of the situation.

Chorus So success, etc.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

(Ireland)

Tune from Playford's "Dancing Master"
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto

mp

VOICE

1. Tho' dark are our sor - rows, to - day we'll for - get them, And
 2. Con - tempt on the min - ion who calls you dis - loy - al! Tho'
 3. He loves the green Isle, and his love is re - cord - ed In

PIANO

mp

smile thro' our tears like a sun - beam in show'rs; There nev - er were hearts, if our
 fierce to your foe, to your friends we are true; The trib - ute most high to a
 hearts which have suf - fer'd too much to for - get; And hope shall be crown'd and at -

cresc.

ru - lers would let them, More form'd to be grate - ful and blest than ours! But,
 head that is roy - al Is love from a heart that loves lib - er - ty too. While
 tach - ment re - ward - ed, And E - rin's gay ju - bi - lee shine out yet. The

*mf**cresc.*

just when the chain Has ceased to pain, And hope has en - wreathed it
 cow - ards who blight Your fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of the
 gem may be broke By man - y a stroke, But noth - ing can cloud its

cresc.

f *cresc.*

round with flow'rs, There comes a new link, Our spir - it to sink! Oh! the
 bat-tle ar - ray, The stand - ard of green In front would be seen! Oh, my
 na - tive ray, Each frag - ment will cast A light, to the last! And thus,

f *cresc.*

mp

joy that we taste like the light of the poles, Is a
 life on your faith! were you sum - mon'd this min - ute, You'd
 E - rin, my coun - try, tho' bro - ken thou art There's a

mp

mf

flash a - mid dark-ness, too bril - liant to stay; But tho' 'twere the last lit - tle
 cast ev - 'ry bit - ter re - mem - brance a - way, And show what the arm of old
 lus - tre with - in thee that ne'er will de - cay, A spir - it which beams thro' each

mf

spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prin - ce's Day.
 E - rin has in it, When roused by the foe on her Prin - ce's Day.
 suf - fer - ing part, And now smiles at all pain on the Prin - ce's Day.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

(Ireland)

Old Song (about 1798)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

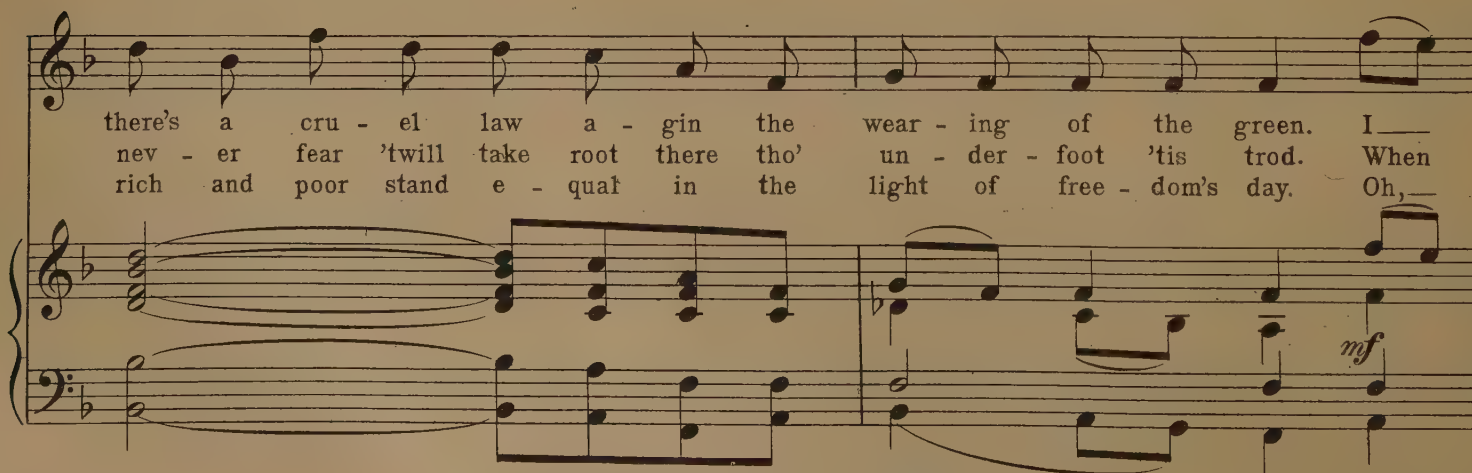
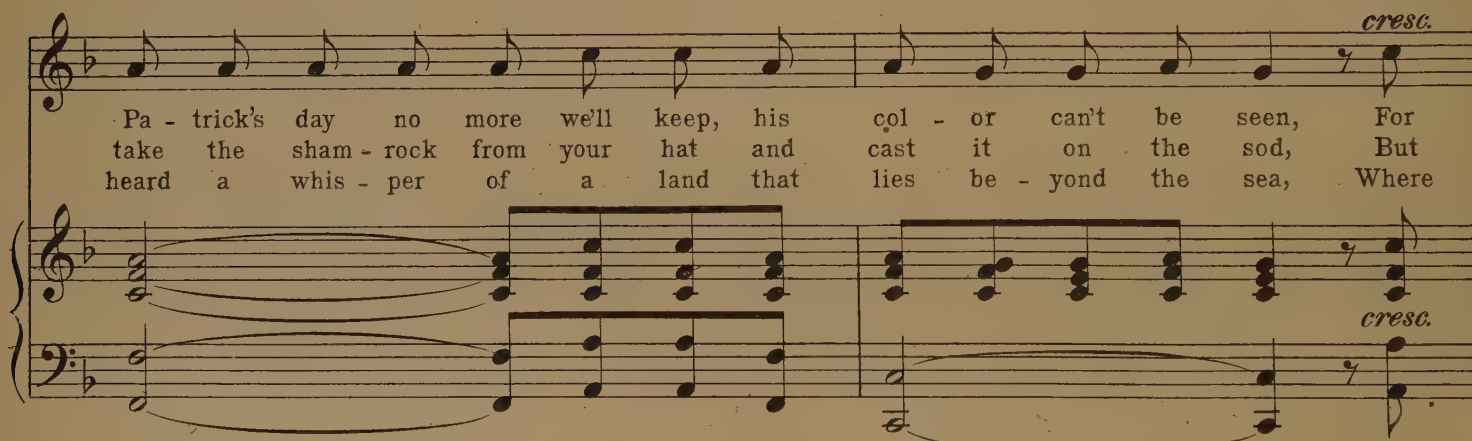
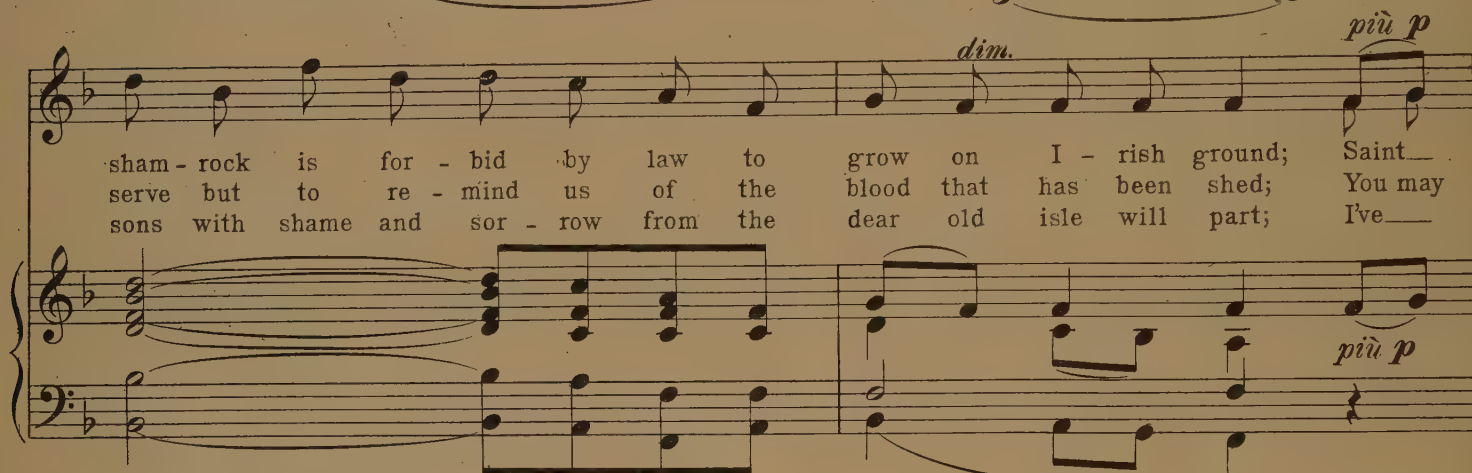
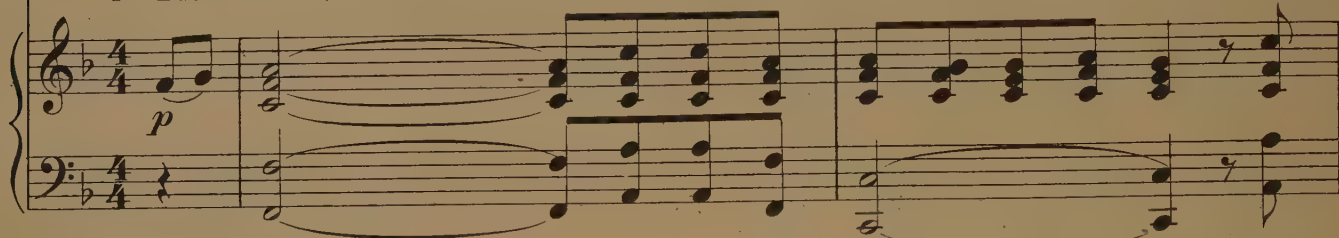
Andante espressivo

VOICE



1. Oh! Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round? The
 2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red, 'Twill
 3. But - if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart, Her

PIANO



met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he took me by the hand, And said
laws can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow, And
E - rin! must we leave you driv - en by a ty - rant's hand? Must we

meno f he, "How's poor old Ire - land and how does she stand?" "She's the
when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show, Then
ask a moth - er's bless - ing from a strange and dis - tant land? Where the

dim. *p*

meno f *dim.* *p*

most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er yet was seen; They're
I will change the col - or that I wear in my can - teen; But
cru - el cross of Eng - land shall nev - er more be seen, And

cresc.

cresc.

f *f* *rit.* *dim.* *p* *rall.* *pp*
hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - ing of the green."
till that day; please God, I'll stick to wear - ing of the green.
where, please God, we'll live and die still wear - ing of the green.

f *rit.* *dim.* *p* *rall.* *pp*

MEN OF HARLECH

(RHYFELGYRCH GWYR HARLECH)

(Wales)

Old Air

THOMAS OLIPHANT (1799-1878)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Alla Marcia, con spirito

VOICE

1. Hark! I hear the foe ad - van - cing, Barb - ed steeds are
 2. Mid the fray see dead and dy - ing, Friend and foe to -
 1. We le goel - certh wen yn fflam - io, A thaf - od - au
 2. Ni chaiff ge - lyn ladd ac ym - lid Har - lech! Har - lech!

PIANO

f marcato

proud - ly pran - cing, Hel - mets in the sun - beam glan - cing,
 geth - er ly - ing, All a - round the ar - rows fly - ing
 tân yn bloedd - io, Ar i'r dew - rion ddod i da - ro,
 cŵyd iw her - lid; Y mae Rhodd - wr mawr ein Rhydd - id,

Glit - ter through the trees. Men of Har - lech!
 Scat - ter sud - den death. Fright - en'd steeds are
 Un - waith et o'n un: Gan fan - llef - au
 Yn rhoi nerth i ni. We - le Gym - ru

p

lie ye dream - ing? See you not their fal - chions gleam - ing,
 wild - ly neigh - ing, Bra - zen trum - pets hoarse - ly bray - ing,
 ty - wys - og - ion, Llais gel - yn - ion, trwt arf - og - ion,
 a' i bydd - in - oedd Yn ym - dy - wallt o'r myn - ydd - oedd!

While their pen - nons gai - ly stream - ing, Flut - ter to the breeze?
 Wound - ed men for mer - cy pray - ing With their part - ing breath.
 A char - lam - iad y march - og - ion, Craig ar graig a grŷn!
 Rhuthr - ant fel rhai - adr - au dyfr - oedd, Llam - ant fel y lli!

f
 From the rocks re - bound - ing, Let the war - cry sound - ing,
 See, they're in dis - or - der! Com - rades, keep close or - der;
 Ar - fon byth ni or - fydd, Con - ir yn dra - gy - wydd;
 Llwydd - iant - i'n llu - ydd - ion! Ruwstr - o bâr ye es - tron!

cresc.

Sum - mon all at Cam - bria's call. The haugh - ty foe sur - round - ing.
 Ev - er shall they rue the day They ven - tured o'er the Bor - der.
 Cym - ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu, Yn glod - us yn mysz galed - ydd, Yn
 Gwy - bod yn ei gal - on gaiff, Fel brath - a cledd - yf Bryth - on, Y

cresc.

Men of Har - lech! on to glo - ry, See, your ban - ner, famed in sto - ry,
 Now the Sax - on flies be - fore us, Vic - try's ban - ner float - eth o'er us,
 ngwyn ol - eu - ni'r goel - certh ac - w, Tros wef - us - au Cym - ro'n ma - rw,
 clédd yn er - byn clédd a chwe - ry, Dúr yn er - byn dūr a de - ry,

ff

cresc. *ff*

Waves these burn - ing words be - fore ye, "Brit - ain scorps to yield!"
 Raise the loud ex - ult - ing cho - rus, "Brit - ain wins the field!"
 An - ni - byn - iaeth sydd yn gal - w, Am ei dewr - af dyn.
 We - le fân - er Gwal - ia'i fy - ny, Rhydd - id aiff a hi!

cresc. *ff*

MALBROUK TO WAR IS GOING

(MALBROUK S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(France)

Old Tune

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro

mp

VOICE

1. Mal - brouk to war is go - ing, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -
 2. But he'll re - turn at East - er, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -
 1. Mal - brouk s'en va - t-en guer - re, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -
 2. Il re - vien - dra à Pâ - ques, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -

PIANO

*mp**mf*

tai - ne, Mal - brouk to war is go - ing, Nor knows when he'll re -
 tai - ne, But he'll re - turn at East - er, Or else at Trin - i -
 tai - ne, Mal - brouk s'en va - t-en guer - re, Ne sais quand re - vien -
 tai - ne, Il re - vien - dra à Pa - ques, Ou à la Tri - ni -

*mf**f**p*

turn, Nor knows when he'll re - turn, Nor knows when he'll re - turn. —
 ty, Or else at Trin - i - ty, Or else at Trin - i - ty. —
 dra, Ne sais quand re - vien - dra, Ne sais quand re - vien - dra. —
 té, Ou à la Tri - ni - té, Ou à la Tri - ni - té. —

*f**p*

mp

3. Now Trin - i - ty is o - ver, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -
 4. In - to her tow - er loft - y, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -
 3. La Tri - ni - té se pas - se, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -
 4. Ma - dame à sa tour mon - te, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -

mp

mf

tai - ne, Now Trin - i - ty is o - ver, Mal - brouk does not re -
 tai - ne, In - to her tow - er loft - y Ma - dame has mount - ed
 tai - ne, La Tri - ni - té se pas - se, Mal - brouk ne re - vient
 tai - ne, Ma - dame à sa tour mon - te, Si haut qu'elle peut mon -

mf

f *p*

turn, Mal-brouk does not re - turn, Mal-brouk does not re - turn.
 high, Ma-dame has mount - ed high, Ma-dame has mount - ed high.
 plus, Mal-brouk ne re - vient plus, Mal-brouk ne re - vient plus.
 ter, Si haut qu'elle peut mon - ter, Si haut qu'elle peut mon - ter.

f *p*

mp

5. She sees her page ap - proach - ing, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -
 6. Mal - brouk was slain in bat - tle, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -
 5. Elle voit ve - nir son pa - ge, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -
 6. Ma - dame! Mal-brouk est mort, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -

mp

mf

tai - ne, She sees her page ap - proach - ing, In sa - ble hab - it
 tai - ne, Mal - brouk was slain in bat - tle, He lies now in his
 tai - ne, Elle voit ve - nir son pa - ge, En noir tout ha - bil -
 tai - ne, Ma - dame! Mal-brouk est mort, Est mort et en - ter -

mf

f *p*

clad, In sa - ble hab - it clad, In sa - ble hab - it clad. —
 grave, He lies now in his grave, He lies now in his grave. —
 lé, En noir tout ha - bil - lé, En noir tout ha - bil - lé. —
 ré, Est mort et en - ter - ré, Est mort et en - ter - ré!" —

f *p*

13 IT WAS DUNOIS, THE YOUNG AND BRAVE

(PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE)

English version by
Sir WALTER SCOTT (1815)
Marziale

(France)

Words and Music by
QUEEN HORTENSE (1783 - 1837)
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

VOICE

mp

1. It was Du-nois the young— and brave was bound for Pal - es - tine, But
2. His oath of hon-or, on— the shrine, he graved it with his sword, And

1. Par - tant pour la Sy - ri - e, Le jeune et beau Du - nois Ve -
2. Il é - crit sur la pier - re Le ser - ment de l'hon - neur, Et

PIANO

mp *cresc.* *mf*

first he made his o - ri - sons be - fore Saint Ma - ry's shrine; "And
fol - low'd to the Ho - ly Land the ban - ner of his lord; Where,
nait pri - er Ma - ri - e De bé - nir ses ex - ploits; Fai -
va sui - vre à la guer - re Le com - te, son sei - gneur. Au

grant, im - mor - tal Queen of Heav'n was still the sol - dier's pray'r, "That
faith - ful to his no - ble vow, his war - cry fill'd the air, "Be
tes, Reine im - mor - tel - le, J'ai dit - il en par - tant, Qu'ai -
no - ble voeu fi - dè - le, Il crie en com - bat - tant: A

cresc. *f*

I may prove the brav - est knight, and love the fair - est fair."
hon - or'd aye the brav - est knight, be - loved the fair - est fair."
mé de la plus bel - le, Je sois le plus vail - lant!
mour à la plus bel - le, Hon - neur au plus vail - lant!

cresc. *f*

mp *p*

3. They owed the con-quest to his arm, and then his liege lord said: "The
 4. And then they bound the ho - ly knot be - fore Saint Ma - ry's shrine, That
 3. On lui doit la vic - toi - re "Du - nois," dit le sei - gneur, Puis-
 4. A l'au - tel de Ma - ri - e Ils con - sa - crent tous deux Cette

mp *cresc.*

mf

heart that has for hon - or beat, by bliss must be re - paid, My
 makes a par - a - dise on earth, if hearts and hands com - bine; And
 que tu fais ma gloi - re, Je fe - rai ton bon - heur; De
 u - ni - on ché - ri - e, Qui seu - le rend heu - reux; Cha -

p *mf*

daugh - ter Is - a - bel and thou shall be a wed - ded pair, For -
 ev - 'ry lord and la - dy bright, that were in chap - el there, Cried -
 ma fille Is - a - bel - le Sois l'é - poux à l'in - stant, Car -
 cun dans la cha - pel - le Di - sait, en les vo - yant: A -

cresc. *f*

thou art brav - est of the brave, she fair - est of the fair."
 "Hon - or'd be the brav - est knight, be - loved the fair - est fair."
 elle est la plus bel - le, Et toi le plus vail - lant?"
 mour à la plus bel - le, Hon - neur au plus vail - lant?"

cresc. *f*

THE MARSEILLAISE

(LA MARSEILLAISE)

(France)

Words and Music by
ROUGET de L'ISLE (1792)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Tempo di Marcia Vigoroso

VOICE

mf *mp*

1. Ye sons of France a-wake to glo - ry, The Sun of vic - t'ry soon will rise; Tho' the
 2. And would that horde of slav-ish min - ions Con-spire our free-dom to o'er - throw? Say for
 1. Al-lons, en-fants de la pa-tri-e, Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé. Con-tre.
 2. Que veut cet - te hor-de d'es cla-ves, De traî-tres, de rois con-ju - rés? Pour qui

PIANO *mf* *marcato* *mp*

cresc. *f*

ty-rant's stan-dard all go - ry Is up - rear'd in pride to the skies, Is up -
 whom those gyves were in - tend - ed Which their craft pre-pared long a - go, Which their
 nous de la ty-ran - ni - e L'é - ten - dard san - glant est le - vé, L'é - ten -
 ces i - gno - bles en - tra - ves, Ces fers dès long-temps pré - pa - rés, Ces fers

cresc. *f*

mf

rear'd in pride to the skies! Do ye not hear in ev-'ry vil - lage Fierce
 craft - pre-pared long a - go? What right-eous rage now should ex - cite us For
 dard - san - glant est le - vé! En - ten - dex - vous dans les cam - pa - gnes Mu
 dès - long-temps pré - pa - res? Fran-çais, pour nous, ah! quel out - ra - ge! Quels

mf

mp

sol-diers who spread wars a-larms? Who e-ven in our shel-tring arms Slay our
 French-men what shame is so great? They e-ven dare to med-i-tate To en-
ger ces fê-ro-ces sol-dats? *Ils vien-nent jus-que dans nos bras* *E-gor-*
tran-sports il doit ex-ci-ter! *C'est nous qu'on o-se mê-di-ter* *De rendre*

mp *espress.*

f

sons and give our home to pil-lage! To arms, ye brave, to arms! We'll
 slave, but thus they'll u-nite us! Aux ar-mes, Ci-toy-ens! For-
ger vos fils, vos com-pa-gnes: *à l'an-tique es-cla-va-ge!*

f *marcato*

cresc.

form- bat-tal-lions strong, March on, march on,
mez. vos ba-tail-lons, *Mar-chons, mar-chons,*

cresc.

più f

Their blood im-pure shall bathe our thresh-olds soon!
Qu'un sang im-pur *a-breuve nos sil-lons!*

più f

mf *mp*

3. Ye ty-rants all, and trait-ors, trem - ble, Ye whom each fac-tion loads with blame;— Soon your
 4. O sa-cred love of home and coun - try, Do thou di-rect each venge-ful blade. Lib-er-
 5. May pa-triot love and friend-ship glow - ing Re-main the ob-ject we de - sire. May each
 3. Trem-blez, ty - rans, et vous, per - fi - des, L'op-pro-bre de tous les par - tis! Trem-blez!
 4. A-mour sa - cré de la pa - tri - e, Con-duis, sou - tiens nos bras ven - geurs, Li - ber-
 5. Que l'a - mi - tié, que la pa - tri - e, Fas-sent l'ob - jet de tous nos voeux; A - yons

mf *marcato* *mp*

cresc. *f*

schemes shall be re - ward-ed,— You'll be paid the price of your shame, You'll be
 ty, so sought and so cher - ish'd,— In thy cause now lend us thine aid, In thy
 spir - it ev - er be light-ed,— With the flame they both can in - spire, With the
 vos pro - jets par-ri - ci - des— Vont en - fin re - ce - voir leur prix, Vont en-
 té, li - ber - té ché - ri - e, Com-bats a - vec tes dé - fen-seurs, Com-bats
 tou-jours l'a - me rem - pli - e— Des feux qu'ils in - spi - rent tous deux, Des feux

cresc. *f*

mf

paid the price of your shame. We all will be sol-diers to meet you And
 cause— now lend us thine aid. Be-neath our flag may might-y Vic-t'ry O'er -
 flame they both can in - spire. All may be won, be but u - nit - ed, Our
 fin— re - ce - voir leur prix: Tout est sol - dat pour vous com - bat - tre! S'ils
 a - vec tes dé - fen-seurs! Sous nos dra - peaux que la vic - toi - re Ac -
 qu'ils in - spi - rent tous deux. So-yons u - nis, tout est pos - si - ble, Nos

mf

mp

if our young he - roes must fall, Our land will re-pro-duce them all Strong-er
 whelm all their hosts at thy call; And grant our cru-el foes may fall As they
 foes we can crush heath our feet; No more will Frenchmen then re - peat That dread
 tom-bent nos jeu - nes hé - ros, La France en pro-duit de nou-veaux, Con - tre
 coure à tes mâ - les ac - cents! Que tes en - ne - mis ex - pi - rants Voi - ent
 vils en - ne - mis tom - be - ront; A - lors les Fran-çais ces - se - ront De chan -

mp *espress.*

f

yet, and read-y to de - feat you! see our tri-umph and thy glo - ry.
 cry which hath our land af - fright-ed. } To arms, — ye brave, to arms! We'll
 vous tout prêts — à se bat - tre. } Aux ar - mes, Ci - toy - ens! For -
 ton tri-omphe et no - tre gloi - re!
 ter ce re - frain ter - ri - ble:

f *marcato*

cresc.

form — bat - tal - lions strong, — March on, march on, —
 mez — vos ba - tail - lons Mar - chons, mar - chons, —

cresc.

più f

Their blood im - pure shall bathe — our thresh-olds soon! —
 Qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - ve nos sil - lons! —

più f

THE CARMAGNOLE

(LA CARMAGNOLE)

(France)

Italian Air (1793)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto

VOICE

mf

1. Ma - dame Ve - to once gave her word, Ma - dame Ve - to
 2. Mon - sieur Ve - to once gave his word, Mon - sieur Ve - to
 1. Ma - dam' Vê - to a - vait pro - mis, Ma - dam' Vê - to
 2. Mon - sieur Vê - to a - vait pro - mis, Mon - sieur Vê - to

PIANO

mf

f

once gave her word — To put all Par - is to the sword, To
 once gave his word — His peo - ple and their rights to guard, His
 a - vait pro - mis — De faire é - gor - ger tout Pa - ris, De
 a - vait pro - mis — Dê - tre fi - dèle à sa Pa - trie, Dê -

f

Ad. *

p *cresc.*

put all Par - is to the sword. But vain the threat she made, Thanks
 peo - ple and their rights to guard. His pled - ges did not bind; No
 faire é - gor - ger tout Pa - ris. Mais son coup a man - qué, Grâce
 tre fi - dèle à sa Pa - trie. Mais il y a man - qué, Ne

p *cresc.*

to our can - non - ade. } Then dance the Car - ma -
 quar - ter shall he find! }
 à nos ca - no - niers: }
 fai - sons plus quar - tié. }

f

gno - le, Hail to the sound! Hail to the sound! Then
 gno - le, Vi - ve le son, Vi - ve le son! — Dan -

f

più f

dance the Car - ma - gno - le, While the brave can - non do sound. —
 sons la Car - ma - gno - le, Vi - ve le son Du ca - non. —

più f

Ad. *

AH, IT WILL GO!

(AH! ÇA IRA!)

(France)

Old Dance: Carillon national de Bécourt
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Allegretto

VOICE

*mf**cresc.*

Ah, it will go! it will go! it will go! We will hang a - ris - to - crats for
 Ah! ça i - ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats à la lan -

PIANO

*mf**cresc.*

lan-terns!*) Ah, it will go! it will go! it will go! Raise them on the rope and let them swing!
 ter - ne! Ah! ça i - ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats on les pen - dra!

*più f**cresc.**f*

Hang them or not, we'll beat them well, We'll burn their bones with fire of — hell! Ah, it will
 Si'on n'les pend pas, on les romp' - ra, Si'on n'les romp pas, On les brul' - ra! Ah! ça i -

*cresc.**f*

*) The streets of pre-revolutionary Paris were lighted by lanterns swung on ropes stretched across the roadway.

p *f*

go! it will go! it will go! We will hang a - ris - to - crats for lan - terns! Ah, it will
 ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats à la lan - ter - ne! Ah! ça i -

go! it will go! it will go! Raise them on the rope and let them swing!
 ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats on les pen - dra!

p *f* *più f*

mf *cresc.*

Ah, it will go! it will go! it will go! We will hang a - ris - to - crats for
 Ah! ça i - ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats à la lan -

mf *cresc.*

più f

lan - terns! Ah, it will go! it will go! it will go! Raise them on the rope and let them swing!
 ter - ne! Ah! ça i - ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats on les pen - dra!

più f

WHO'D HAVE BELIEVED SUCH SELF-WILLED DARING

(LA BRABANÇONNE)

JENNEVAL

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

(Belgium)

FRANÇOIS van CAMPENHOUT
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro marziale

VOICE

1. Who'd have be - lieved such self - will'd dar - ing, That his
 2. In gen - 'rous wrath all too for - bear - ant, Bel - gium
 1. Qui l'aur - ait dit de lar - bi - trai - re, Se - con -
 2. Trop gé - né - reu - se en - sa - co - le - re, La Bel -

PIANO

base ends he might at - tain, A - vid for blood, a prince un -
 strove for a right - eous cause. She from her king, as from a
 dant les af - freux pro - jets, Sur nous un prin - ce san - gui -
 gique ven - geant ses droits, Dun roi, quel - le ap - pe - lait son

spar - ing, Bul - lets on us should rain! Let it
 pa - rent, On - ly ask'd just - er laws. But 'twas
 nai - re, Vient lan - cer des bou - lets. Cen est
 pè - re, N'im - plo - rait que de jus - tes lois. Mais

end; Bel - gians, be free men, From Nas - sau brook no more in - dig - ni -
 he, whose fu - rious fol - ly, With guns his son loosed on us ruth - less -
 fait, Bel - ges, tout chan - ge, A - vec Nas - sau plus d'in - di - gnes trai -
 lui, dans sa fu - reur é - tran - ge, Par le ca - non que son fils a poin -

più f

ty; ——— Since grape has torn down the Or - ange fly - ing Up -
 ly, ——— With Bel - gian blood stain'd the flag of Or - ange, Up -
 tés, ——— La — mi - traillé a bri - sé l'o - ran - ge, Sur
 té ——— Au sang — Belge a no - yé l'o - ran - ge, Sous

on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Since grape has torn down the Or - ange —
 on the tree of Lib - er - ty, With Bel - gian blood stain'd the flag — of —
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, La — mi - traillé a bri - sé l'o -
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Au sang — Belge a no - yé l'o -

fly - ing Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up -
 Or - ange, Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up -
 ran - ge, Sur l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sur
 ran - ge, Sous l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sous

on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty.
 on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty.
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sur l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té.
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sous l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té.

mf

3. Bra-bant - ers proud, with hearts cou - ra - geous, Who in
 4. And you for whom proud tears are flow - ing, 'Neath the
 3. Fiers Bra - ban - çons, peu - ple de bra - ves, Qu'on
 4. Et vous, ob - jets de no - bles lar - mes, Bra - ves,

mf

f

bat - tle are e'er so brave, You from Ba - ta - via's yoke out -
 fierce can - non's fire who fell, Dead, for a na - tion all un -
 voit com - bat - tre sans fléch - ir, Du scep - tre hon - teux des Ba -
 morts au feu des ca - nons, A - vant que la pa - trie en

cresc. *f*

mf

ra - geous Ball and pow - der shall save. At the
 know - ing Names it should know so well, 'Neath the
 ta - ves Tes bal - les sau - ront t'af - fran - chir! Sur Bru -
 ar - mes Ait pu con - nai - tre au moins vos noms, Sous l'hum - ble

mf

cresc.

feet of the *Arch - an - gel O'er Brus - sels then shall your flag float
 sod, where we have laid you, There sleep, ye mar - tyrs, who fought daunt - less -
 xelles, au pied de l'arch - an - ge, Ton saint dra - peau pour ja - mais est plan -
 ter - re où l'on vous ran - ge, Dor - mez, mar - tyrs, ba - tail - lons in - domp -

cresc.

* The Archangel Michael, patron saint of the city of Brussels

più f

free. ——— And proud - ly flour - ish, with - out the Or - ange, Up -
 ly. ——— In peace there rest, far from the Or - ange, Be -
 té. ——— Et fier de ver - dir — sans l'o - ran - ge, Croît
 tés; ——— Dor - mez en paix, loin de l'o - ran - ge, Sous

più f

on the tree of Lib - er - ty! And proud - ly flour - ish with - out the —
 neath the tree of Lib - er - ty! In peace there rest, — far from the —
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té. Et, fier de ver - dir — sans l'o -
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té. Dor - mez en paix, loin de l'o -

mf

Or - ange, Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up -
 Or - ange, Be - neath the tree of Lib - er - ty, Be -
 ran - ge, Croît Var - bre de la li - ber - té, Croît —
 ran - ge, Sous l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sous —

più f

on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty!
 neath the tree of Lib - er - ty, Be - neath the tree of Lib - er - ty!
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Croît — l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té.
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sous — l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té.

più f

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

(DIE WACHT AM RHEIN)

MAX SCHNECKENBERGER (1840)

(Germany)

KARL WILHELM (1854)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

VOICE

Marcato *f* *cresc.*

1. A roar like thun - der strikes the ear, Like clang of arms or
 2. A hun - dred thou - sand hearts beat high, The flash darts forth from
 1. Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner - hall, Wie Schwert - ge - klirr und
 2. Durch hun - dert - tau - send zuckt es schnell, Und Al - ler Au - gen

PIANO

f *cresc.*

break - ers near, Push for - ward for the Ger - man Rhine! Who
 ev - 'ry eye, For Teu - tons brave, in - ured by toil, Pro -
 Wo - gen - prall: Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deut - schen Rhein, Wer
 bli - tzen hell; Der Deut - sche, bie - der, fromm und stark, Be -

ff *ff*

dim. *p* *dolce*

shields thee, dear be - lov - ed Rhine? } Dear Fa - ther - land, thou
 tect their coun - try's ho - ly soil. }
 will des Stro - mes Hü - ter sein? } Lieb Va - ter - land, magst
 schützt die heil' - ge Lan - des - mark. }

dim. *p*

need'st not fear, Thy Rhine - land watch stands firm - ly here!
 ru - hig sein, Lieb Va - ter - land, magst ru - hig sein,

mf cresc.
 Dear land, dear Fa - ther - land, thou need'st not fear,
 Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

mf cresc. ten.

ff
 Thy faith - ful Rhine - land watch stands firm - ly here!
 Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

ff ten.

f *cresc.*

3. When heav - en - ward we turn the eye Bend he - ro spir - its
 4. As long as Ger - man blood still glows The Ger - man sword strikes
 5. We take the pledge, the stream runs high, Our ban - ners proud point
 3. Er blickt hin - auf in Him - mels - au'n, Da Hel - den Vä - ter
 4. So lang' ein Tro - pfen Blut noch glüht, Noch ei - ne Faust den
 5. Der Schwur er - schallt, die Wo - ge rinnt, Die Fah - nen flat - tern

f *cresc.*

ff

from the sky; We swear to guard our dear be - quest, And
 might - y blows; The Ger - man marks - men take their stand, No
 to the sky; Push on - ward for the Ger - man Rhine, We
 nie - der - schau'n, Und schwört mit stol - zer Kam - pfes - lust, Du
 De - gen zieht, Und noch ein Arm die Bü - chse spannt, Be -
 hoch im Wind; Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deut - schen Rhein, Wir

ff

dim. *p* *dolce*

shield it with the Ger - man breast,
 foe shall tread our na - tive land,
 all will die to guard the Rhine!
 Rhein bleibst deutsch wie mei - ne Brust,
 tritt kein Feind hier dei - nen Strand!
 al - le wol - len Hü - ter sein!

Dear Fa - ther - land, thou
 Lieb Va - ter - land, magst

dim. *p*

need'st not fear, Thy Rhine - land watch stands firm - ly here!
 ru - hig sein, Lieb Va - ter - land, magst ru - hig sein,

mf cresc.
 Dear land, dear Fa - ther - land, thou need'st not fear,
 Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

mf cresc. ten.

ff
 Thy faith - ful Rhine - land watch stands firm - ly here!
 Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

ff ten.

19

RHINE SONG

(RHEINLIED)

NIKLAS BECKER

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Germany)

G. KUNZE (1840)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato

VOICE

1. No, — nev - er shall they cap - ture Our — free, our Ger - man Rhine, Tho'
 2. No, — nev - er shall they cap - ture Our — free, our Ger - man Rhine, So
 1. Sie — sol - len ihn nicht ha - ben, Den — frei - en deut - schen Rhein, Ob
 2. Sie — sol - len ihn nicht ha - ben, Den — frei - en deut - schen Rhein, So

PIANO

più p

like the croak - ing ra - ven They — for their prey should pine; Long
 long as hearts are glad - den'd By — vine - yards' yield of wine, So
 sie wie gier' - ge Ra - ben Sich — hei - sser dar - nach schrein; So
 lang' sich Her - zen la - ben An — sei - nem Feu - er - wein; So

più p

as the no - ble riv - er Flows — past its ver - dant shores, Long
 long as stand the moun - tains Which — have for a - ges stood, So
 lang' er ru - hig wal - lend, Sein — grü - nes Kleid noch trägt, So
 lang' in sei - nem Stro - me, Doch — fest die Fel - sen stehn, So

as the air is mer - ry With meas - ured dip of oars! No, —
 long as proud ca - the - drals Are mir - ror'd in the flood. No, —
 lang' ein Ru - der schal - lend An - sei - ne Wo - gen schlägt! Sie —
 lang' sich ho - he Do - me In sei - nem Spie - gel sehn. Sie —

nev - er shall they cap - ture Our free, our Ger - man Rhine, Tho'
 nev - er shall they cap - ture Our free, our Ger - man Rhine, So
 sol - len ihn nicht ha - ben, Den frei - en deut - schen Rhein, Ob
 sol - len ihn nicht ha - ben, Den frei - en deut - schen Rhein, So

più f
 like the croak - ing ra - - ven They for their prey should pine.
 long as hearts are glad - den'd By vine - yards' yield of wine.
 sie wie gier' - ge Ra - ben Sich hei - sser dar - nach schrein!
 lang' sich Her - zen la - ben An - sei - nem Feu - er - wein.

più f

3.

No, never shall they capture
 Our free, our German Rhine,
 While youths and tender maidens
 Shall seek the nuptial shrine;
 So long as in those waters
 A single fish be found,
 So long as song surviveth
 And minstrel lays resound.
 No, never shall they capture
 Our free, our German Rhine
 Till 'neath the flood lies buried
 The last of German line.

3.

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
 Den freien deutschen Rhein,
 So lang' dort kühne Knaben
 Um schlanke Dirnen frei'n;
 So lang' die Flosse hebet
 Ein Fisch auf seinem Grund,
 So lang' ein Lied noch lebet
 In seiner Sänger Mund.
 Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,
 Den freien deutschen Rhein,
 Bis seine Fluth begraben
 Des letzten Mann's Gebein!

I AM A PRUSSIAN

(ICH BIN EIN PREUSSE)

(Germany)

A. NEIDHARDT

Translated by M. X. Hayes

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Maestoso

VOICE

1. I am a Prus - sian! do you know my col - ors? The stan - dard
 2. With lov - ing pride I for my coun - try of - fer (Where our great
 1. Ich bin ein Preu - sse! Kennt ihr mei - ne Far - ben? Die Fah - ne
 2. Mit Stolz und Lie - be opfr' ich gern dem Lan - de, (Das un - sers

PIANO

*mp**p*

floats be - fore me, black and white; My fa - thers died their lib - er - ty de -
 Fred - rick's fame doth hov - er round) Un - to my foe my life I'd free - ly
 schwebt mir - weiss und schwarz vor - an, Dass für die Frei - heit mei - ne Vä - ter
 gro - ssen Fried - richs Ruhm um - schwebt,) Mein Preu - ssen - blut wenn es am stei - len

p

fend - ing, Which doth pro - claim the col - ors mine by right. I
 prof - fer, Tho' on the mar - gin - of the gulf pro - found. The
 star - ben, Das deu - ten, merkt es, - mei - ne Far - ben an. Nie
 Run - de Des Ab - grunds steht, von Fein - den kühn er - strebt. Fest

*dim.**f*

ne'er will shrink de - spair - ing, Like them all dan - ger -
 bonds are all en - dur - ing, Our broth - er - hood en -
 werd' ich bang ver - za - gen, Wie je - ne, - will ich's -
 sind der Lie - be - Ban - de, Heil mei - nem Va - ter -

p

shar - ing, Tho' dark and chill, or bright with sun the day, I am a
 sur - ing The sa - cred call rings in my heart for aye, I am a
 wa - gen, Sei's trü - ber Tag, sei's hei - trer Son - nen - schein, Ich bin ein
 lan - de! Der heh - re Ruf dringt in das Herz mir ein, Ich bin ein

cresc. *f*

cresc.

Prus - sian and Prus - sian will I stay! Tho' dark and chill, or bright with sun the
 Prus - sian and Prus - sian will I stay! The sa - cred call rings in my heart for
 Preu - sse, und Preu - sse will ich sein! Sei's trü - ber Tag, sei's hei - trer Son - nen -
 Preu - sse, und Preu - sse will ich sein! Der heh - re Ruf dringt in das Herz mir

Chorus *mf* *cresc.*

f *mf marcato* *cresc.*

day, I am a Prus - sian, will a Prus - sian stay!
 aye, I am a Prus - sian, will a Prus - sian stay!
 schein, Ich bin ein Preu - sse, will nur Preu - sse sein!
 ein, Ich bin ein Preu - sse, will nur Preu - sse sein!

f

mf

3. And when the an - gry storm is round us roar - ing, And night doth
 4. When Truth and Worth are in our land u - nit - ed, When Prince and
 3. Und wenn der bö - se Sturm mich wild um - sau - set, Die Nacht ent -
 4. Wenn Treu' und Muth sich so dem Lan - de wei - hen, Wenn Fürst und

mp

p

red - den in the light-ning's glow; E'en tho' the wrath of Heav-en seem out -
 peo - ple clasp the friend - ly hand, When vows of broth - er - hood are firm - ly
 bren - net in des Bli - tzes Gluth; Hat's doch schon är - ger in der Welt ge -
 Volk — sich rei - chen treu die Hand, Dann wird in die - sem Bun - de, es ge -

p

p

pour - ing No trace of fear will stur - dy Prus - sians show. Tho'
 plight - ed, 'Tis then will grow in strength our Fa - ther - land. Join
 brau - set, Und was nicht beb - te, — war des Preu - ssen Muth. Mag
 dei - hen, Dann blüh'n und wach - sen — un - ser Va - ter - land. Drum

f *dim.*

rocks and trees be fall - ing, I'll brave the sight ap -
 hands, our bond re - new - ing, For Truth our du - ty -
 Fels und Ei - che split - tern, Ich wer - de nicht er -
 bin - den wir auf's neu - e, Uns Fest mit Lieb' und

p

pal - ling; Tho' thun - der roars and light - nings mock the day, I am a
 do - ing; So are we strong to con - quer in the fray, I am a
 zit - tern; Es stürm' und krach! es bli - tze wild dar - ein, Ich bin ein
 Treu - e. Stark sind wir dann! ja, schla - get freu - dig ein! Wir sind ja

cresc. *f*

cresc.

Prus - sian and Prus - sian will I stay! Tho' thun - der roars and light - nings mock the
 Prus - sian and Prus - sian will I stay! So are we strong to con - quer in the
 Preu - sse, und Preu - sse will ich sein! Es stürm' und krach, es bli - tze wild dar -
 Preu - ssen, nur Preu - ssen lasst uns sein! Stark sind wir dann! ja, schla - get freu - dig

Chorus *mf* *cresc.*

f *mf marcato* *cresc.*

day, I am a Prus - sian, will a Prus - sian stay!
 fray, I am a Prus - sian, will a Prus - sian stay!
 ein! Ich bin ein Preu - sse, will nur Preu - sse sein!
 ein! Wir sind ja Preu - ssen, lasst uns Preu - ssen sein!

f

PRINCE WILLIAM OF OLD NASSAU

(WILHELMUS VAN NASSOUWE)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Holland)

Attributed to MARNIX de SAINT ALDEGONDE (1568)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con spirito

VOICE *f* *mf*

1. Prince Wil - liam of — old — Nas - sau, Of true Dutch blood — am I; I'll
 1. Wil - hel - mus van — Nas - sou - we, ben ick van dujt - schen bloet, het

PIANO *f* *mf*

più f

guard my faith - ful — peo - ple Till comes my hour — to die. As —
 Va - der - lant — ge - trou - we, blijf ick tofs Lant's — be - hoet, een —

mp

Prince of Or - ange roy - al, Tho' free and un - re - strain'd, To
 Prin - ce van O - ra - njen ben ick vrij on - ver - veert, den

più f *mp*

cresc. *f*

Spain's — King was I loy - al, While with jus - tice he reign'd.
 Co - ninck van His — pa - njen, ick al - tijd heeb' ge - eert.

cresc. *f*

f *mf*

2. My faith in God's un - shak - en, And nev - er will I yield My
 3. My coun - try, for thy sor - rows I feel my sad heart bleed! To
 2. Myn schilt en myn be - trou - wen zyt ghij (o God myn Heer!) op
 3. Oor - lof myn ar - me - sha - pen die zyt in groo - ten noot, u

f *mf*

piu f

home - land to be tak - en By ty - rant's sword and shield. Thy
 Him who nev - er sleep - eth I trust in our great need. A
 u soo wil ick bou - wen: ver - laet my nem - mer - meer: op
 Her der sal niet sla - pen, al lyt ghij veel 'aen - stoot, tot

piu f

mp

rights I've ev - er guard - ed With mild, with faith - ful hand, Yet
 Chris - tian's faith was nev - er On God rest - ed in vain; His
 dat ick vroom mach blij - ven, u Die - naer val - ler - tijt, de
 God wilt u be - ge - ven, syn heyl - saem woord neemt aen, en

piu f *mp*

cresc. *f*

now I am dis - card - ed, And robb'd of crown and land.
 aid will fail me nev - er My own crown to re - gain.
 ty - ran - ny ver - drij - ven, die men igh hert door - snyt.
 een vrom Chris - ten le - ven: want 't is hier haest ge - daen.

cresc. *f*

LET ALL WITH DUTCH BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS

(WIEN NEËRLANDSCH BLOED)

HENRIK van TOLLENS (1815)

Translated by Clara Kappey

(Holland)

SMITS (1820)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante

VOICE *mf*

1. Let all with Dutch blood in their veins, Whose love of home is
 2. Were broth-ers true un - to a — man, We sing the old song
 1. Wien Neër-landsch bloed in da - ders vloeit, Van vreem - de smet - ten
 2. Stort nit dan, broe - ders, eens van zin, Dien hoog ver - hoor - den

PIANO *mf*

cresc.

strong, yet; vry, kreet, Now A - way with him, who ev - er can His —
 Wiens hart voor land en ko - ning gloeit, Ver -
 Hy tellt by God een deugh te - min, Die —

cresc.

mf *cresc.*

praise our Prince in song: With no - ble thought lift up one voice, U -
 Prince or land for - get! A hu - man heart glow'd in him ne'er, We —
 heff' den zang als wy: Hy stell' met ons, ver - eend van zin, Met —
 land en vorst ver - geet; Hy gloeit voor mensch en broe - der niet, In —

mf *cresc.*

ff *mp*

nit - ed heart and hand; God bids our hearts in — song re - joice For
 turn him from our hand, Who hears un - moved the — song and pray'r For
 on - be - klem - de borst; Het god - ge - val - lig - feest - lied in Voor
 d'ou - be - wo - gen borst, Die koel blyft by ge - bed en lied Voor

ff *mp*

f

Prince and Fa - ther - land, For Prince and Fa - ther - land.
 Prince and Fa - ther - land, For Prince and Fa - ther - land.
 va - der - land en vorst, Voor va - der - land en vorst.
 va - der - land en vorst, Voor va - der - land en vorst.

f

mf

3. Pre - serve, O God, the hal - low'd ground Our pa - triot fa - thers gave; The
 4. Loud rings thro' our re - joi - cings here Our pray'r, O Lord, to Thee! Pre -
 3. Be - scherm, o God! be - waak den grond Waar op onz' a - dem gaat; De
 4. Dring luid, van nit ons feest ge - druisch, Die bée uw' he - mel in: Be -

mf

cresc.

land where we a cra - dle found, Where - in - we'll find a grave. We
 serve our Prince, his home so dear, To - Hol - land, great and free! From
 plek waar on - ze wieg op stond, Waar - eens - ons - graf op staat. Wy
 waar den vorst, be - waar zyn huis. En - ons - zyn - huis - ge - zin. Doe

cresc.

mf cresc. ff

call to Thee, O Lord on high, When near death's door we stand, We
 youth thro' life be this our song Till near to death we stand, O
 smee - ken van uw va - der - hand, Met diep ge - roer - de borst, Be -
 noch ons laatst ons jongst ge - zang Dien ei - gen beê - ge stand: Be -

mf cresc. ff

mp f

seek thy bless-ing - hear our cry - On Prince and Fa - ther - land, On Prince and Fa - ther - land.
 God pre - serve our sov - reign long; Our Prince and Fa - ther - land, Our Prince and Fa - ther - land.
 houdvoort lie - ve va - der - land, Voor va - der - land en vorst, Voor va - der - land en vorst.
 waar, o God! den ko - ning lang En't lie - ve va - der - land! En't lie - ve va - der - land!

mp f

BERGEN OP ZOOM

(Holland)

Old War Song (1622)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

Marziale

VOICE

1. Lo, with what glow do all go to the strife!
 2. Sword that has gored all the horde of our foes,
 1. Merk, toch hoe sterck, nu in't werck sich al steld!
 2. 't moe - di - ge, bloe - di - ge woe - di - ge swaerd

PIANO

marcato

Wide as a tide with our guide in free - dom call - ing.
 Bright in this fight flash - ing white the sparks from the clash - ing,
 Die 'tal - len - ty, soo ons vrij - heyt heeft be - stre - den.
 Blonck en het klonck, dat de von - cken dae - - rujt vlo - gen!

più f
 See how our pow'r at this hour thrills with life, Rife as we fight for the
 Make for our sake earth to shake, deal - ing blows! Won - der of thun - der, now
 Siet hoe hy slaeft, graeft en draeft met ge - weld! Om on - se goet, en ons
 Be - vin - gen, le - ving op - ge - ving der aerd, Won - der ge - don - der nu

più f

sempre f

right, for homes too fall - ing. Hark! the beat of
un - der, now o - ver crash - ing. By the can - non,
bloet, en on - se ste - den. Hoor de Spaen - sche
on - der was, nu bo - ven, Door al 't mij - nen

sempre f

f

Span - ish drums; Hear their trum - pets ea - ger.
by the mines Driv - ing hel - ter - ter
trom - mels slaen! Hoor Ma - raens trom pet - ten!
en't ge - schut Dat men daeg' - lycx hoor - de;

f

Yon - der in - so - lent, he comes Ber - gen to be -
Hosts of Span - iards thro' their lines, Who in blood will -
Siet hoe komt hy tre - cken aen, Ber - gen te be -
Me - nig span - jaert in zijn hut In - syn bloet vers -

più f

ff poco allargando

lea - - guer. } Berg op Zoom, val - or's home,
 wel - - ter. }
 set - - ten. } Berg op Zoom, hout u vroom
 moor - - de! }

ff poco allargando

Blast the Span - ish — for - - ces! Flesh and blood,
 stut de Spaen - sche — scha - - ren, laets' Lands boom,

*più f**più f*

Land and flood, Use your last re - - sour - - ces.
 end' sijn stroom, trouw - lyk toch be - - wa - - ren.

*rit.**cresc.**rit.*

GOD PRESERVE OUR NOBLE EMPEROR

(GOTT ERHALTE FRANZ DEN KAISER)

LAURENZ LEOPOLD HASCHKA (1797)

Translated by M. X. Hayes

(Austria)

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN (1732-1809)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

VOICE *Moderato* *mp* *cresc.*

1. God pre - serve our no - ble Em - p'ror, Franz our
 2. O - - ver bloom - ing lands his scep - tre Doth ex -
 1. Gott er - hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern
 2. Ue - - ber blü - hen - de Ge - - fil - de, Reich - sein

PIANO *mp* *cresc.*

mf

Em - p'ror good and great! Might - - y rul - er, high in
 tend both wide and far; Of his throne the no - blest
 gu - ten Kai - ser — Franz! Hoch als Herr - scher, hoch als
 Sce - pter weit und breit. 'Säu - - len sei - nes Throns sind

mf

cresc. *f* *p*

wis - dom, We his glo - ry cel - e - brate! Love shall twine him lau - rel
 pil - lars Right - eous - ness and mer - cy — are. O - ver all his shield ex -
 Wei - ser Steht er in des Ruh - mes Glanz! Lie - be win - det Lor - beer -
 Mil - de, Bie - der - sinn und Red - lich - keit, Und von sei - nem Wap - pen -

cresc. *f* *p*

cresc. *f.* *dim.*

gar-lands, They be - come his re - gal - state! God pre - serve our no - ble
 tend - ed Beams ef - ful - gent as a - star. God pre - serve our no - ble
 rei - ser Ihm zum e - wig grü - nen - Kranz! Gott er - hal - te Franz den
 schil - de Strah - let die Ge - rech - tig - keit. Gott er - hal - te Franz den

cresc. *f.* *dim.*

p. *f.*

Em - p'ror, Franz our - Em - p'ror - good and - great! God pre -
 Em - p'ror, Franz our - Em - p'ror - good and - great! God pre -
 Kai - ser, Un - sern - gu - ten - Kai - ser - Franz! Gott er -
 Kai - ser, Un - sern - gu - ten - Kai - ser - Franz! Gott er -

p. *f.*

dim. *p.*

serve our no - ble Em - p'ror, Franz our - Em - p'ror good and - great!
 serve our no - ble Em - p'ror, Franz our - Em - p'ror good and - great!
 hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern - gu - ten - Kai - ser - Franz!
 hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern - gu - ten - Kai - ser - Franz!

dim. *p.*

mp *cresc.*

3. To ar - ray him - self in vir - tue, Ev - er was his con - stant
 4. Bonds of sla - v'ry he has bro - ken, He has made his peo - ple—
 3. Sich mit Tu - gen - den zu schmü - cken, Ach - tet er der Sor - gen—
 4. Er zer - brach der Knecht - schaft Ban - de, Hob zur Frei - heit uns em -

mp *cresc.*

mf *cresc.*

care; On - ly to de - fend his peo - ple Doth his
 free; May his days be ev - er hap - py, He, the
 werth. Nicht, um Völ - ker zu er - drü - cken, Flammt in
 por! Früh' er - leb' er deut - scher Lan - de, Deut - scher

mf *cresc.*

f *p*

sword fläme high in — air. In their bless - ings thus re -
 flow'r of chiv - al - ry; And the smiles of chil - dren's
 sei - ner Hand das — Schwert; Sie zu seg - nen, zu be -
 Völ - ker höch - sten — Flor, Und ver - neh - me, noch am

f *p*

cresc. *f.* *dim.*

ward-ed He finds all his pleas-ure_ there. God pre-serve our no-ble
 chil-dren Cheer him when his hour is_ nigh. God pre-serve our no-ble
 glü-cken, Ist der Preis, den er be-gehrt. Gott er-hal-te Franz den
 Ran-de Spä-ter Gruft, der En-kel Chor; Gott er-hal-te Franz den

cresc. *f.* *dim.*

p. *f.*

Em-p'ror, Franz our_ Em-p'ror good and_ great! God pre-
 Em-p'ror, Franz our_ Em-p'ror good and_ great! God pre-
 Kai-ser, Un-sern_ gu-ten_ Kai-ser_ Franz! Gott er-
 Kai-ser, Un-sern_ gu-ten_ Kai-ser_ Franz! Gott er-

p. *f.*

dim. *p.*

serve our no-ble Em-p'ror, Franz our_ Em-p'ror good and_ great!
 serve our no-ble Em-p'ror, Franz our_ Em-p'ror good and_ great!
 hal-te Franz den Kai-ser, Un-sern_ gu-ten_ Kai-ser_ Franz!
 hul-te Franz den Kai-ser, Un-sern_ gu-ten_ Kai-ser_ Franz!

dim. *p.*

25

NATIONAL HYMN

(HYMNUSZ)

(Hungary)

FERENCZ KOSELEY
Translated by H. F. B.

FRANZ ERKEL (1810 - 1898)
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Maestoso religioso *espress.* *mf risoluto*

VOICE

1. Lord of heav - en, bless our land, Joy and plen - ty
 2. Hail, all hail, — ho - ly land! Crown'd with lone - ly
 1. Is - ten, áldd — meg a Mag - yart Ió ked - vel —
 2. Ö - se - in - ket fel - ho - zád Kár - pát' szent —

PIANO

mf *mf risoluto*

mp *espress.*

here be - stow, In our need, — lift Thine hand,
 moth - ers' tears, On - ward lead, — he - ro band,
 bö - seg - gel Nyúts fe - lé - je vé - dö kart,
 bír - cze - re, Al - ta - lad nyert szép ha - zát,

cresc. *mf marcato*

Strong to shield us from the foe. Hun - ga - ry in days of old,
 On - ward ev - er through the years. Peace shall fol - low af - ter pain,
 Ha küzd el - len - ség - gel; Bal sors a' kit ré - gen tép,
 Ben - de - gúz - nak ve - re. 'Smer - re zúg - nak hab - ja - i

cresc. *mf marcato*

cresc. *più f* *dim.*

Proud and fear - less, staunch and free, Call'd her sons from field and fold - To
 Love shall gar - ner in her store, Free - dom ris - en once a - gain Shall
 Hozz rá vig ———— esz - ten - döt, Meg - bün - höd - te már e nep A
 Tis - za - nak ———— Du - ná - nak, Ár - pád hös mag - zat - ja - i Fel -

cresc. *più f* *dim.*

p *ff*

die for Lib - er - ty, ———— Call'd her sons from
 live for ev - er - more, ———— Free - dom ris - en
 mul - tat's jö - ven - döt! ———— Meg - bün - höd - te
 vi - rá - go - zá - nak. ———— Ár - pád hös mag -

p *cresc.* *ff*

dim. *rall.* *p sostenuto*

field, and fold To die for Lib - er - ty. ————
 once a - gain Shall live for ev - er - more. ————
 már e nep A mul - tat's jö - ven - döt! ————
 zat - ja - i Fel - vi - rá - go - zá - nak. ————

dim. *rall.* *p sostenuto*

GARIBALDI'S WAR HYMN

Professor MERCANTINI (1859)
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Italy)

Melody attributed to OLIVIERI
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Marziale

VOICE

To arms, men! To arms, men! 1. The graves loose their cap-tives; a -
2. The land famed for flow-ers, for
All ar - - mi! all ar - mi! 1. Si sco - pron le tom - be, si
2. La ter - ra dei fio - ri, dei

PIANO

rise our de - part - ed; Our mar - tyrs come forth, all our he - roes great -
po - ets, for sing - ing, Once more be a land where the sword - blows are
le - va - noi mor - ti, I mar - ti - ri no - stri son tut - ti ri -
suo - ni, dei car - mi, Ri - tor - ni qual e - ra la ter - ra dell'

heart-ed, With sa - bre in hand, and their brows crown'd with lau - rel, The
ring-ing! Our hands may be bound with a hun - dred harsh fet - ters But
sor - ti, Le spa - de nel pug - no, gli al - lo - ri al - le chio - me, La
ar - mi; Di cen - to ca - te - ne ci vin - ser la ma - no, Ma an -

fame and the name of I - ta - lia their star! Make haste, oh, make
still they can bran-dish Leg - na - no's bright swords. The Aus - tri - an
fiam - ma ed il no - me d'I - ta - lia sul cor. Cor - ria - mo, cor -
cor di Leg - na - no sa i fer - ri bran - dir. Bas - to - ne te -

cresc.

haste! For-ward, gal-lant bat-tal-ions! Fling out to the winds flags for
 staff no I - tal-ian be-la-bors; The race born of Rome do not
 ria-mo, su o gio-va-ni schie-re! Su al ven-to per tut-to le
 des-co l'I-ta-lia non do-ma, Non cres-co-no al gio-co le

*cresc.**dim.*

all, ye I-ta-lians, Rise, all with your weap-ons! Rise all—fire-im-pas-sion'd! Rise,
 jest with their sa-bres; No long-er will Ita-ly put up—with her ty-rants; Too
 no-stre ban-die-re! Su tut-ti col fe-ro! su tut-ti col fuo-co! Su
 stir-pe di Ro-ma; Più I-ta-lia non vuo-le stra-nie-rie ti-ran-ni Già

*mp**cresc.**mp**cresc.**più f**ff*

all fire-im-pas-sion'd, I-ta-lians ye are! De-part from our home-land, De-
 ma-ny long years have we har-bor'd their hordes! De-part from our home-land, De-
 tut-ti col fuo-co d'I-ta-lia nel cor. Va fuo-ri d'I-ta-lia, va
 trop-po son gli an-ni che du-ra il ser-vir. Va fuo-ri d'I-ta-lia, va

*più f**ff ten.**cresc.**D.S.*

part, O ye stran-gers! This hour gives the sig-nal; be-take you a-far.
 part, O ye stran-gers! This hour gives the sig-nal; be-take you a-far.
 fuo-ri ch'e l'o-ra, Va fuo-ri d'I-ta-lia, va fuo-ri o stra-nier!
 fuo-ri ch'e l'o-ra, Va fuo-ri d'I-ta-lia, va fuo-ri o stra-nier!

*D.S.**cresc.**ff*

mf

3. For us are the dwell - ings of It - a - ly fash - ion'd, While
 4. Let voi - ces be si - lent, let each arm be read - y! Let's
 3. Le ca - se d'I - ta - lia son fat - te per no - i, E
 4. Sien mu - te le lin - gue, sien pron - te le brac - cia; Sol -

mf marcato

yours on the Dan - ube must hence - forth be sta - tion'd, You've
 face to the foe, — let us march firm and stead - y! And
 la sul Da - nu - bio la ca - sa de tuo - i, Tu i
 tan - to al ne - mi - co vog - lia - mo la fac - cia, E

cresc.

mf

rav - aged our fields, ay, our bread you have sto - len; Our
 then in a mo - ment the Aus - trian will flee us. One
 cam - pi ci guas - ti, tu il pa - ne e' in - vo - li I
 tos - to ol - tre i mo - men - ti, n'an - drà lo stra - nie - ro Se

mf

cresc. *f* *mp*

sons for our - selves we de - sire to en - roll. The Alps — with the
 thought in our hearts for our home - land shall flame! Our eyes — are not
 nos - tri fig - liuo - li per noi li vog - liam. Son l'Al - pi e i du -
 tut - to un pen - sie - ro l'I - ta - lia sa - rà. Non bas - ta il tri -

cresc. *f* *mp*

cresc.

two seas mark It - a - ly's bor - ders; Our fire - blaz - ing char - iots shall
 fix'd up - on bar - bar - ous plun - der; Great prin - ces from rob - bers no
 e ma - ri d'I - ta - lia i con - fi - ni, Col car - ro di fuo - co rom -
 on - fo di bar - ba - re spog - lie, Si chiu - dan ai la - dri d'I -

cresc.

dim.

dim. *mp* *cresc.*

mow down the war - ders; All signs of the form - er fron - tiers shall be can - cell'd! One
 jeal - ous - ies sun - der; The na - tives of It - a - ly form but one na - tion; Her
 piam gli Appen - ni - ni Dis - trut - to og - ni sog - no di vec - chia fron - tie - ra, La
 ta - lia le so - glie Le gen - ti d'I - ta - lia son tut - te u - na so - la, Son

mp *cresc.*

più f *ff*

ban - ner a - lone let us raise o'er the whole! De - part from our home - land, De -
 famed hun - dred cit - ies are one but in name! De - part from our home - land, De -
 nos - tra ban - die - ra per tut - to in - nal - ziam. Va fuo - ri d'I - ta - lia, va
 tut - te u - na so - la le cen - to cit - tà. Va fuo - ri d'I - ta - lia, va

più f *ff ten.*

cresc.

part, O ye stran - gers! This hour gives the sig - nal; be - take you a - far.
 part, O ye stran - gers! This hour gives the sig - nal; be - take you a - far.
 fuo - ri ch'e l'o - ra, Va fuo - ri d'I - ta - lia, va fuo - ri o stra - nier.
 fuo - ri ch'e l'o - ra, Va fuo - ri d'I - ta - lia, va fuo - ri o stra - nier.

cresc. *ff*

RIEGO'S HYMN (EL HIMNO DE RIEGO) (Spain)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con moto

Chorus

VOICE

PIANO

Up, war - riors! 'tis your home - land That sounds the bat - tle -
Sol - da - dos, la pa - tria Nos lla - ma à la

cry, And in her name we'll con - quer, Or, fight - ing for her,
lid, Ju - re - mos por el - la Ven - cer - ó mo -

die! 1. With con - fi - dence march - ing, With hearts firm and
2. Now brave men and free men Un - sheath - ing the
rir. 1. Se - re - nos, a - le - gres, Va - lien - tes, o -
2. Blan - da - mos, el hier - ro, Que el ti - mi - do es -

strong, To the skies o - ver - arch - ing Let ring forth your
glaive, With its splen - dor - ef - ful - gent Af - fright ev - 'ry
sa - dos Can - te - mos, sol - da - dos, El him - no à la
cla - vo Del li - bre, del bra - vo La faz no o - sa

cresc.

song: In loud thun - d'ring cho - rus the world shall ad -
 slave. The foe, cow'd and trem - bling, our blade dare not
 lid. Yà nue - stros a - cen - tos El or - be se ad -
 ver. Sus hues - tes cual hu - mo Ve - reis di - si -

poco cresc.

f

mire The sons of the Cid, who re - mem - ber their
 meet: He scat - ters be - fore us in pan - ic de -
 mi - re, Yen nos - o stros mi - re Los hi - jos del
 pa - das, Ya nues - tras es - pa - das Fu - ga - ces cor -

f

Chorus

più f

sire. } Up, war - riors! 'tis your home - land That sounds the bat - tle -
 feat. }
 Cid. } Sol - da - dos, la pa - tria Nos lla - ma à la
 rer. }

più f marcato

cresc.

cry, And in her name we'll con - quer Or, fight - ing for her, die -
 lid, Ju - re - mos por el - la Ven - cer ó mo - rir -

cresc.

mf Solo

3. The world nev - er wit - ness'd De - fi - ance more bold, Nor the
 4. Then hail we the chief To whom first comes the praise, In de -
 5. We heard his ap - peal And we fol - low'd his call; There were
 3. El mun - do vio nun - ca Mas no - ble o - sa - di - a? Lu -
 4. Ho - nor al - can - dil - lo Ho - nor al - pri - me - ro Que el
 5. Lu voz fue se - gui - da, Lu voz fue es - cu - cha - da, Tu -

mf legato

cresc.

bright sun - in heav - en Such val - or un - told; As
 fence of our rights His bright brand to up - raise; Whose
 none but were will - ing With glo - ry to fall, To
 ciò nun - ca un di - a Mas gran - de en - va - lor Que a -
 ci - vi - co a - ce - ro O - so ful - mi - nar. La
 vi - mos en na - da, Sol - da - dos, mo - rir. Yo -

poco

that burn - ing ar - dor which ev - 'ry breast fired, With
 home - land dis - tress'd lent an ear to the voice That
 shat - ter their fet - ters, from their souls to lave The
 quel que in - flam - ma - dos Nos vi - mos del fue - go Que es -
 pa - tria af - li - gi - da O - yò sus a - cen - tos Y
 sa - dos qui - si - mos Rom - per la ca - de - na Que

cresc.

Chorus
pù f

f

love for his coun - try, by Rie - go in - spired. } Up,
 ban - ish'd af - flic - tion and made her re - joice. }
 mark of the i - ron that hum - bles the brave. }
 ci - ta - ra en Rie - go De pa - tria el a - mor? } Sol -
 vio sus - tor - men - tos En go - zo tor - nar. }
 de a - fren - ta lle - na, Del bra - vo el vi - vir. }

f *pù f*

cresc.

war - riors! 'tis your home - land That sounds the bat - tle - cry, And
 da - dos, la pa - tria Nos lla - ma à la lid, Ju -

marcato *cresc.*

in her name we'll con - quer Or, fight - ing for her, die!
 re - mos por el - la Ven - cer ó mo - rir.

mf Solo

6. "To arms!" rings the call, For they on - ly — can save From the
 7. The wind bears the ech - o Of trum - pets — a - far, And the
 8. Then for - ward to meet them, To strike their ar - ray, Lo, they
 6. Mas ya al ar - ma to - can: Las ar - mas — tan so - lo El
 7. La trom - pa — guer - re - ra Sus e - cos — da al vien - to, De
 8. Se Mues - tran: — vo - le - mos, Vo - le - mos, — sol - da - dos. Los

mf legato

rage of the spoil - er, The lot of the slave; Then
 roar of the guns Tells the hor - rors of war; While
 trem - ble — be - fore us, Nor dare join the fray. Then
 cri - men — el do - lo Po - dran a - ba - tir. Que
 hor - ro - res se - dien - to Ya mu - ge el câ - ñon, Ya
 veis a - ter - ra - dos Su fren - te — ba - jar? Vo -

*poco**cresc.*

trem - ble, — ye ty - rants, — and cow - ard - ly quake, — To
 Mars rous - es val - or — no dan - ger — can tame, — The
 for - ward, for free - men — at all times — have known — To
 tiem - blen, — que tiem - blen, — Que tiem - ble el mal - va - do, Al
 Mar - te — sa - ñu - do — La au - da - cia — pro - vo - ca, Yel
 le - mus — que el li - bre — Por siem - pre ha - sa - bi - do Del

cresc.

f Chorus
più f

see the keen lance in the sol - dier's hand shake! Up,
soul of the na - tion is born a - mid flame.
bring slaves to heel in hu - mil - i - ty prone.
ver al sol - da - do La lan - za es - gri - mir.
ge nio se in vo - ca De nues - tra na - cion. Sol -
sier vo - ven - di - do La fren - te hu - mil - lar.

f *più f*

war - riors! 'tis your home - land That sounds the bat - tle cry, And
da - dos, la pa - tria Nos lla - ma à la lid, Ju -

marcato

cresc. *poco rall.*

in her name we'll con - quer Or, fight - ing for her, die!
re - mos por el - la Ven - cer ó - mo rir.

cresc.

28

ROYAL MARCH

(MARCHA REAL)

(Spain)

ALMENDROS

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

Traditional March

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Marziale

VOICE

f

Hail him! hail him! all hail our no - ble King Al - fon - so,
 Vi - va! vi - va! mag - na - ni - mo el Rey Al - fon - so,

PIANO

f

Hail to our King, our no - ble King Al - fon - so! Lau - rel en-crowns him, and
 Al - fon - so trece, el Rey Al - fon - so tre - ce, ci - ña a sus sie - nes o -

cresc.

love guides his hand To rule with jus - tice o'er this loy - al land.
 li - vay lau - rel, la ma - no fer - vi - da del pue - blo fiel.

cresc.

ff marcato

Hail him! hail him! all hail our no - ble King Al - fon - so,
Vi - va! vi - va! mag - na - ni - mo el Rey Al - fon - so,

ff marcato

Hail to our king, our no - ble King Al - fon - so! Lau - rel en-crowns him and
Al - fon - so trece, el Rey Al - fon - so tre - ce, ci - ña a sus sie - nes o -

cresc.

love guides his hand To rule with jus - tice o'er this loy - al land.
li - vay lau - rel, la ma - no fer - vi - da del pue - blo fiel.

cresc. *pesante*

NATIONAL HYMN

(HYMNO NACIONAL)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Portugal)

Words and Music by DOM PEDRO IV (1822)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Marziale

mf

VOICE

1. O coun - try, king and peo - ple, Your re -
 2. Oh, in pa - tri - ot - ic pas - sion For our
 1. O' pa - tria, o Rei, ó Po - vo, A - ma a
 2. Oh, cum quan - to de - sa - fo - go Na - com -

PIANO

mf

ri - gion love and serve! Be faith - full! Our con - sti -
 cause we all u - nite. Wing our spir - its, O con - sti -
 tua Re - li - gi - ão, Ob ser - va e guar - da
 mun a - gi - ta ção, Dá vi - gor As al - mas

*più f**più f*

tu - tion, di - vine - ly giv'n, ye shall pre - serve, Di - vine - ly
 tu - tion, With ho - ly vig - or and with might, With ho - ly
 sem - pre Di - vi - nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção, Di - vi -
 to - das Di - vi - nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção, Di - vi -

*f**f*

cresc. *f*

giv'n, ye shall pre - serve } Hail, O home-land! King and home-land, On our
 vig - or and with might. }
 nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção. } Vi - va, vi - va, vi - va a Re - i, Vi - va a
 nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção. }

cresc. *f*

dim. *cresc.*

ho - ly re - li - gion rest. — Lu - si - tan - ians, fired with val - or, Hail our
 San - ta Re - li - gi - ã - o; Vi - va Lu - zos Va - lo - ro - sos, A fe -

dim. *cresc.*

mf

bless - ed con - sti - tu - tion, Hail our con - sti - tu - tion — blest!
 liz Con - sti - tu - i - ção, — A fe - liz Con - sti - tu - i - ção.

mf *cresc.* *f*

3

Splendid fortune shall await us
 If in unity we dwell;
 Flame before us, O Constitution,
 Forever weave thy sacred spell!
 Hail, O homeland! King and homeland!
 etc.

4

Let the truth flame forth in glory,
 Let the King increase in fame!
 Let us ever our Constitution
 As loyal Portuguese, proclaim!
 Hail, O homeland! King and homeland!
 etc.

3

Venturosos n'os seremos
 Em perfeita união,
 Tendo sempre em vista todos
 Divinal Constituição.
 Viva, viva, viva o Rei,
 etc

4

A verdade não se offusca,
 O Rei nao s'engana, não:
 Proclamemos, portugueses,
 Divinal Constituição.
 Viva, viva, viva o Rei,
 etc

KING CHRISTIAN STOOD BESIDE THE MAST

(KONG CHRISTIAN STOD VED HØIEN MAST)

JOHANNES EWALD
Translated by Clara Kappey

(Denmark)

Old air adapted by JOHANNES HARTMANN
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Tempo di Marcia

VOICE

f *cresc.*

1. King Chris - tian stood be - side the mast In smoke and
2. Nils Ju - el heard the tem - pest high, 'Tis now the
1. Kong Chris - tian stod ved høi - en Mast I Røg og
2. Niels Juel gav Agt paa Stor - mens Brag: Nu er det

PIANO

f *cresc.*

mf *f*

mist; His glit - t'ring sword was swing - ing fast, Thro' hos - tile heads it
hour! He raised the red flag t'ward the sky, And smote the foe till
Damp; Hans Vaer - ge ham - re - de saa fast, At Go - thens Hjelm og
Tid! Han hei - se - de det rø - de Flag Og slog paa Fjen - den

mf *f*

mp *f*

swift - ly pass'd, Then sank each Goth - ic hulk and mast In smoke and
all did cry A - loud a - bove the tem - pest high, 'Tis now the
Hjer - ne brast, Da sank hvert fjendt - ligt Speil og Mast I Røg og
Slag i Slag. Da skreg de høit blandt Stor - mens Brag: Nu er det

p *mf* *marc.* *cresc.* *f*

mist. Fly! shout - ed they, for no man can The pow'r of Den - mark's
 hour! Fly! call'd they, who his life would save! Of Den - mark's Ju - el
 Damp. Fly, skreg de, fly, hvad flyg - te kan! Hvo staaer mod Dan - marks
 Tid! Fly, skreg de, Hver som veed et Skjul! Hvo kan be - staae mod

p *mf* *marc.* *cresc.* *f*

ff

Chris - ti - an, The pow'r of Den - mark's Chris - ti - an Re - sist!
 who can brave, Of Den - mark's Ju - el who can brave The pow'r?
 Chri - sti - an, Hvo staaer mod Dan - mark's Chri - sti - an I kamp?
 Dan - marks Juel, Hvo kan be - staae mod Dan - marks Juel I Strid?

ff

3.

North sea! a glimpse of Wessel brake
 Thy low'ring sky!
 Thy knights are fighting for thy sake,
 Within the sea foes refuge take,
 A cry of wild despair doth break
 Thy low'ring sky!
 Fly! shout they, even warriors bold
 ¶From Denmark thunders Tordenskiold :||
 Then fly!

4.

Path of the Dane to fame and pow'r,
 Dark rolling flood!
 Receive the friend who neer did cow'r
 Before grim death in danger's hour,
 But braves, as thou, the tempest's pow'r,
 Dark rolling flood!
 Thy wat'ry arms my grave shall be,
 ¶Receive in war and victory :||
 My blood!

3.

O Nordhav! Glimt af Wessel brød
 Din mørke Sky!
 Da tyede Kaemper til dit Skjød;
 Thi med ham lynte Skraek og Død.
 Fra Valen hørtet Vraal, som brød
 Den tykke Sky.
 Fra Danmark lyner Torden kjold;
 ¶Hver give sig i Himlens Vold :||
 Og fly!

4.

Du Danskes Vei til Roes og Magt,
 Sortladne Hav!
 Modtag din Ven, som uforsagt
 Tør møde Faren med Foragt,
 Saa stolt, som du, mod Stormens Magt,
 Sortladne Hav!
 Og rask igjennem Larm og Spil
 ¶Og Kamp og Seier før mig til :||
 Min Grav!

DENMARK'S VERDANT MEADOWS

(THYRA DANNEBOD)

L. O. KOK

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Denmark)

P. E. RASMUSSEN (1776-1800)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante con moto

VOICE

f

1. Den - mark with thy ver - dant mead - ows
 2. Tho' our north - ern winds are bit - ter,
 1. Dan - mark, dei - ligst Vang og Vaen - ge,
 2. At dess - nar - er' feer - des kun - de

PIANO

f marcato

più f

Stretch - ing to the sea, Hap - py he whose
 North - ern hearts are warm; Hard the life that
 Lukt med Bøl - gen blaa, Hvor de ra - ske
 Vaer - ket med Be - hø, Dron - ning Thy - re

più f

mp

eye is glad - den'd By the sight of thee. For - eign
 makes us har - dy, Saves from Pleas - ure's harm. Oth - er
 dan - ske Dren - ge Kan i Le - ding gaae. Mod de
 lod fra Grun - de, Rei - se, hvor man Kjør. Gjen - nem

mp

cresc.

lands are rich - er, fair - er, Oft un - fold a beau - ty
lands may praise the glo - ry Of their maids in song and
Tyd - ske, Sla - ver, Ven - der, Hvor man dem paa - Tog hen -
Vol - den, sig en Bu - re, Paa det Vaerk at hol - de

cresc.

f

rar - er; But the Dane's heart e'er is turn - ing,
sto - ry, But our blue - eyed girls are near us,
sen - der; Een Ting mang - ler for den Ha - ve;
ku - re; Slet sig No - get kun vil fpi - e

f

cresc. *f*

For his home - land yearn - ing.
With their smiles to cheer us.
Le - - det er af La - - ve.
Un - - der frem - med Øi - - e.

cresc. *f*

SONG OF DENMARK

(SANG FOR DANSKE)

(Denmark)

C. J. BOYSE (1791 - 1853)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

C. E. F. WEYSE (1826)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato

VOICE *mf* *f*

1. In north - ern zone a beau - teous land is ly - ing, And tho' no
 2. From Ei - der's stream to Ska - gen's white hills gleam - ing, Far as the
 1. Der er et Land; dets Sted er høit mod Nor - den, Og Dy - bets
 2. Fra Eid - 'rens Strøm til Ska - gens nø - gne Ban - ker Den jyd - ske

PIANO *mf* *f*

cresc.

moun - tains tow - er proud - ly there, No oth - er land can in our hearts be
 waves that wash the Jut - land strand, There lies a land with hap - py plen - ty
 Bjer - ge svøm - me naer dets Havn, Men skjøn som det er in - gen Plet paa
 Ha - lvø krum - mer sig mod Nord. Et her - ligt Land! dets Folk sig Vel - stand

cresc.

vie - ing— It is our Fa - ther - land, our Den - mark
 beam - ing, En - rich'd by gold from man - ya for - eign
 Jor - den, Og Dan - mark naer - ner man dets fav - re
 san - ker, Paa frem - med Strand det hen - ter Guld om -

dim. *mp* *mf*

fair! With waves of sil - ver doth the sea ca - ress it, In leaf - y
land. While mount - ed troops our fer - tile land are shield - ing, And arm - ed
Navn! I sølv - blaa Ve - ster - hav en dei - lig Ha - ve, Med. Bø - ge -
bord. Den mun - tre Strids hingst o - ver En - gen van - ker, Og Sti - mer

cresc. *f* *cresc.*

elms the feath - er'd song - sters nest, A kind - ly Heav'n has nev - er ceased to
hosts pro - tect their na - tive fjord, The for - est old its might - y oaks is
hegn, hvor Nat - ter - ga - le boel! Og hver en Deel gav Him - me - len sin
myl - dre i - den dy - be Fjord; Til Stavn og Ror har Sko - ven E - ge -

cresc. *f* *cresc.*

bless it, Con - tent and peace up - on its bos - om rest.
yield - ing To build us ships our peo - ples' right to guard.
Ga - ve, Paa hver - en Plet Vel - sy - nel - ser - ne groe!
plan - ker, Dets Søn - ner Kraft, og Snild - hed de - res Ord.

mf *f*

3. And east - ward vie the friend - ly shores of Zea - land, With those of
 4. So stream and sound the towns and mead - ows sev - er, But Den - mark
 3. Mod Øst for den - ne tven - de Ha - ve stri - de Med Sjø - lunds
 4. Saa skil - le Strøm og Sun - de Mark og Stae - der, Men Eet er

mf *f*

cresc.

Fu - nen's isle in glim - m'ring sheen; There clothed in white, near Fal - ster's strand and
 stands u - nit - ed in its might; A na - tion's love and faith will bind it
 Bred og O - dins gam - le Ø; Naer Lol - land, Fal - ster, staaer i Klæ - der
 Dan - mark, tro - fast er dets Magt; En Bro af Malm Sam - draeg - ti - ghe - den

cresc.

Laa - land, The maid - en of the wave stands crown'd with
 ev - er, And hon - or stands a guar - dian for its
 hvi - de, Med Løv om Haa - ret, Bøl - gens ran - ke
 sme - der Fra Bred til Bred, og Ær - lig - hed staaer

dim. *mp* *mf*

green. Her health - y peo - ple ne'er can want be know - ing; The gold - en
right. A com - mon cause here ev - 'ry heart is blend - ing; And lov - ing
Mø. Det ras - ke Folk kan in - gen Man - gel li - de, Thi Ag - 'ren
Vagt. Vort Held er eet, og fæl - leds er vor Hæ - der— Den vog - ter

dim. *mp* *mf*

cresc. *f* *cresc.*

grain in heav - ing waves stands high; Round flow - 'ry mead - ows gar - dens sweet are
chil - dren shield each ver - dant shore, All Dan - ish hearts to Heav'n one pray'r are
her sig bøl - ger som en Sp; Om fav - re Blom - ster - eng staae Lun - de
Scaer - det med sin Va - re - taegt— Og cen den dan - ske Bøn, hvert Hjer - te

cresc. *f* *cresc.*

rall. *sostenuto*

glow - ing 'Tis sweet to live; and here 'tis hard to die!
send - ing: God save our King and coun - try ev - er - more!
bli - de; Her er det smukt at le - ve, tungt at døe!
be - der: "Gud skjaer - me Kon - gen og hans he - le Slaegt!"

sostenuto

ICELAND

(ISLAND)

(Iceland)

Translated by H. F. B.

Ancient Icelandic Folksong
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Largamente

VOICE

mf Ice - land, beau - ti - ful land! *f* Com - pas - sion - ate,
Is - land, far - saelds - a frón, og hag saeld - a

PIANO

mf

dim. snow - crown - ed moth - er! *mp* Where are thy glo - ries of
hrim - kvit - a móð - ir! Hvar er þín forn - ald - ar

dim.

mf old, free - dom, and *dim.* deeds — of the brave?
fraegð, frels - ið og mann - dað in best?

mf *dim.* *p*

SONS OF NORWAY

(SØNNER AF NORGE)

(Norway)

H. A. BJERREGAARD (1792-1842)
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

C. BLOM (1782-1861)
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Tempo di Marcia

VOICE

1. Ye sons of Nor - way, the realm — old in sto - ry,
2. Back to the long - van - ish'd past — soar our fan - cies:
1. Søn - ner af Nor - ges det æld - gam - le Ri - ge,
2. Fly - ver vor Aand til de hens - vund - ne Ti - der,

PIANO

*f marcato**cresc.**più f*

Sing while the harp-strings the joy - notes pro - long!
There splen - did shows our great an - ces - tors' race.
Sjun - ger til Har - pems den fest - li - ge Klang!
Her - ligt den sku - er vort Fæ - dre - lands Glands;

Send to the skies tones that
Gi - ants went wan - d'ring, as
Man - digt og høi - tids - fuldt
Kaem - per - ne gan - ge om

*cresc.**più f**p*

tell — of our glo - ry; Dear Fa - ther - land, un - to thee swells the song.
if — un - to dan - ces, Dov - re - feld's flanks till brave war - deeds took place.
To - nen lad sti - ge, Fæ - dre - ne - lan - det ind - vi - es vor Sang!
Dov - ref jelds Si - der, Van - dre til Le - din - ge - færd som til Dands.

p

p *cresc.*

Sweet re - col - lec - tions Wake our af - fec - tions,
 Ma - ny a ro - ver Wide seas cross'd o - ver
 Fae - dre - ne - min - der Her - ligt op - rin - der,
 Man - di - ge Ska - rer Bøl - gen be - fa - rer,

p *cresc.*

f *mf*

When - e'er we call to our mind Nor - way's fame; Hearts throb - bing loud - ly and
 Nor - way's re - nown to pro - claim far - a - way. Men still are liv - ing who'd
 Høer - gang vi næv - ne vor Fae - dre - ne stavn. Soul - men - de Hjer - ter og
 Nor - ri - ges Roes bear til fjer - ne - ste Kyst; Hjem - me er Kaem - pe - re

f *mf*

cresc. *più f*

cheeks glow - ing proud - ly, Hom - age we pay — to her loved ho - ly name.
 fight glad - ly, giv - ing Life, that our free - dom no foe - man be - tray.
 glø - den - de Kin - der Hyl - de det elsk - te, det hel - li - ge Navn.
 nok, som fors - va - rer Ar - ve - de Fri - hed med Mo - di - ge Bryst.

cresc. *più f*

3.

While, clad in armor, all men prove their glory,
 While they all stand in their militant blaze,
 Singers and sagamen gloat o'er the story—
 Cut into runes their magnificent lays.
 Bold kings are reigning,
 Great fights sustaining
 Bearing all-wisely whatever befalls,
 While thro' the centuries night never waning
 Shine out their shields into Memory's halls!

4.

Days gone forever! yet still brightly blazes
 Your holy flame in the Norseman's fond heart;
 Still sturdy men, strong of heart, the land raises,
 Still in its life freedom, honor have part!
 When poets' stories
 Tell of its glories
 Each Norseman's breast swells with pleasure and pride;
 Unto him Norway with bleak snowy shore is
 Fairer than aught that the south can provide!

5.

High shrines of freedom in fair Norway's valleys
 Stand 'neath the fjeld safely shelter'd from stress;
 Thought, speech are free both in hut and in palace;
 Free can he work for dear Norway's success!
 Birds heav'nward soaring,
 North Sea waves roaring
 Are not more free than the Norseman must feel;
 Yet he obeyeth the laws he self-layeth--
 Leal to his King, to his Fatherland leal!

6.

Dear Fatherland with the cloud-lofty mountains,
 Grain-bearing valleys and fish-fruitful coasts!
 Loyalty, love do we pour thee in fountains;
 Gladly for thee would we die—hear our boasts!
 Thou'lt perish never,
 Land we prize ever,
 Free as the tempest that roars round thy fjeld!
 And while the billows to sweep thee endeavor,
 Ne'er can thy star-reaching fame be dispel'd.

3.

*Medens de Staalklaedte prøve sin Styrke,
 Medens de stande i kæmpende Rad,
 Skjalde og Sagamaend Kunsterne dyrke,
 Riste i Runer de herligste Kvad.
 Konninger bolde
 Scepteret holde,
 Røgte med Vidsdom det hellige Kald;
 Gjennem Aarhundreders Nat deres Skjolde
 Gjenstraale klart i Erindringens Hal.*

4.

*Oldtid! du svandt, men din hellige Flamme
 Blusser i Nordmandens Hjerter endnu!
 End er af Æt og af Kraft han den Samme
 End staaer til Frihed og Ære hans Hu,
 Og naar han kvaeder
 Norriges Haeder,
 Sølmer hans Hjerter af Stolthed og Lyst;
 Ham er selv Sydens de yndigste Steder
 Intet mod Norriges snedækte Kyst.*

5.

*Frihedens Tempel i Nordmandens Dale
 Stander saa herligt i Ly af hans Fjeld;
 Frit tør han tænke, og frit tør han tale,
 Frit tør han virke til Norriges Held.
 Fuglen i Skove,
 Nordhavets Vove
 Friere er ei, end Norriges Mand;
 Villig dog lyder han selvgivne Love,
 Trofast mod Kong og Fædreland.*

6.

*Elskede Land med de skyhøje Bjerge,
 Frugtbare Dale og fiskrige Kyst!
 Troskab og Kjaerlighed frøe vi dig soerge;
 Kalder du, bløde vi for dig med Lyst.
 Evig du stande,
 Elskte blandt Lande,
 Frit som den Storm, der omsuser dit Fjeld!
 Og, medens Bølgen omsnoer dine Strande,
 Stedse du voxer i Haeder og Held!*

AY, THIS LAND HER SONS AND DAUGHTERS

(JA, VI ELSKER DETTE LANDET)

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

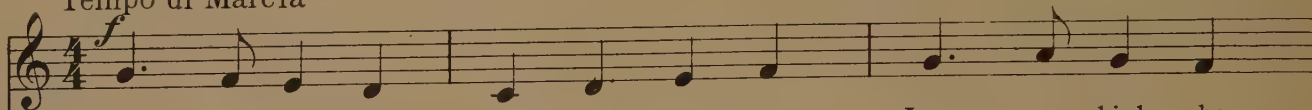
(Norway)

RIKARD NORDRAAK

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

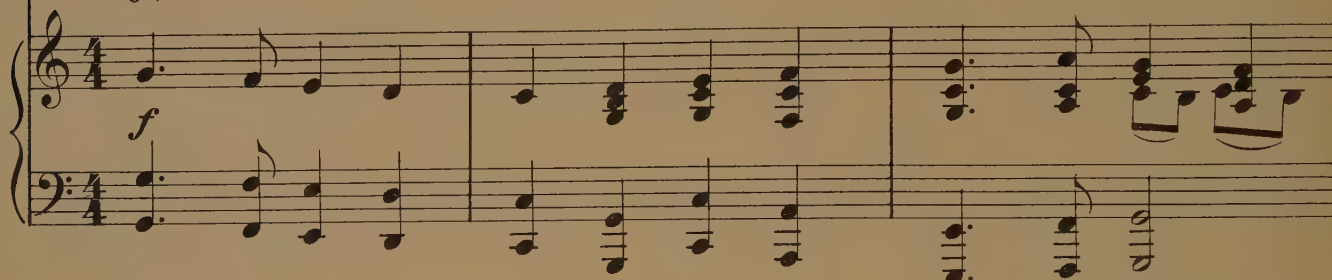
Tempo di Marcia

VOICE



1. Ay, this land her sons and daugh-ters Love, as high she
 2. Har - old once this land de - fend - ed With his fight - ing
 3. Ay, this land her sons and daugh-ters Love as high she
 1. Ja, vi el - sker det - te Land - et Som det sti - ger
 2. Det - te Land - et Har - old bjer - ged Med sin Kaem - per
 3. Ja, vi el - sker det - te Land - et Som det sti - ger

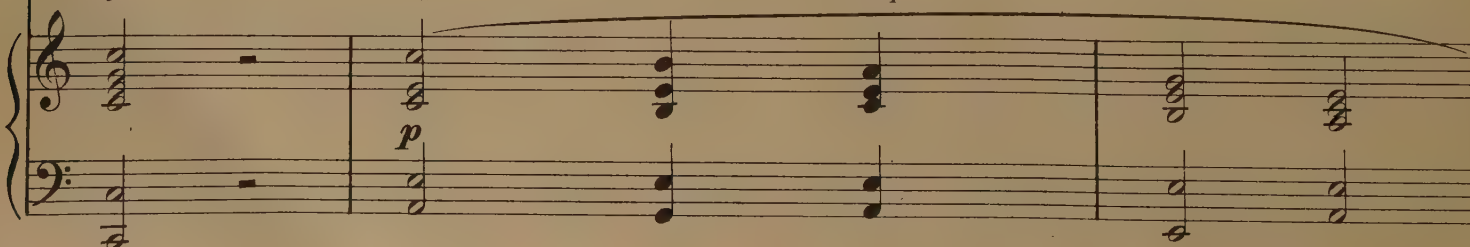
PIANO



lies, Fir - clad, weath - er - worn, o'er wa - ters With their thou - sand
 band, And while Ey - vind's song rang splen - did Haa - ken held this
 lies, Fir - clad, weath - er - worn, where wa - ters Thou - sand-crest - ed
 frem Fu - ret, vejr - bidt o - ver Van - det Med de tu - sind
 ad, Det - te, Lan - det Haa - ken vaer - ged Med - dens Ey - vind
 frem Fu - ret, vejr - bidt o - ver Van - det Med de tu - sind



cries! How we love those he - roes old - en
 land. For this land great O - laf dark - en'd
 rise. As our fa - thers brave suc - ceed - ed
 stjem. El - sker, el - sker de tog taen - ker
 kvad. Gaa det Land - et O - laf mal - te
 Kjem. Og som Fal - dres karop har hae - ve



mf

Who to us gave worth, And the sto - ried night when
 Fer - tile fields with gore; From these moun - tains Ro - ma
 Rais - ing her to might, So if e'er our aid she
 Gaa vor Far og mor, Og den Sa - ga nat, som
 Ker - set met vit Blod Fra dets Ho - je Sver - re
 Det fra Nod til Seyr Og sar vi naar det blir

mf

cresc. *f*

gold - en Vis - ions brood o'er earth, And the
 heark - en'd Sver - re's chal - lenge roar, From these
 need - ed For her peace we'd fight, So if
 saen - ker Drom - me paa vor Jord, Og den
 tal - te Ro - ma midt i Mod, Fra dets
 krae - vet For dets fred slaar sjer, Og sar

cresc. *f marcato*

cresc. *f*

sto - ried night when gold - en, gold - en Vis - ions brood o'er earth.
 moun - tains Ro - ma heark - en'd, heark - en'd Sver - re's chal - lenge roar.
 e'er our aid she need - ed, For her peace, her peace we'd fight.
 Sa - ga nat, som saen - ker, saen - ker Drom - me paa vor Jord.
 Ho - je Sver - re tal - te, tal - te Ro - ma midt i Mod.
 vi naar det blir krae - vet, krae - vet For dets fred slaar sjer.

cresc. *f*

FROM DEPTHS OF SWEDISH HEARTS

(UR SVENSKA HJERTANS)

STRANDBERG

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

LINDBLAD (1804-1855)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

(Sweden)

Andante

VOICE *f* *piu f*

Once from the depths of Swe - den's heart A
Ur Svens - ka hjer - tans djup en gång En

PIANO *f* *marcato* *piu f*

p

full and art - less song did start, And to the King it — came:
sam - fäld och en en - kel säng, Som går till Kun - gen — fram.

p

f *marcato* *dim.*

Be true to her, and to his race; Make light the crown his
Var ho - nom tro - fast och haus ätt, Gör kro - nan på haus

f *marcato* *dim.*

f *rall.*

head to grace, And all thy trust up - on him place, Thou folk of death-less fame!
hjes - sa lätt, Och all din tro till ho - nom sätt Du folk af frej - dad stam!

f

CARL JOHAN

(Sweden)

HENRIK A. KULLBERG (1772-1834)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

JEAN DU PUY (1773-1822)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

f marcato

mf **dim.**

mf **dim.**

mp **cresc.** **f** **Repeat for Chorus**

mp **cresc.** **f**

1. Carl Jo - han our king, He came as from
 2. Oh, fol - low our king, In bat - tle to
 1. Carl Jo - han vår Kung, Han kom som från
 2. O föl - jom vår Kung, I kri - gis - ka

heav - en. Let prais - es be giv - en! Let young and old sing!
 hold to, The young and the old, too, Their fe - al - ty bring.
 höj - den; O sjung - om i fröj - den Bå gam - mal och ung.
 ti - der Till mo - di - ga stri - der Bå gam - mal och ung.

The throne his cre - a - tion! He built up the na - tion; This work did our king.
 In sword-play he's mas - ter But war is dis - as - ter; He's peace - ful, our king.
 Han tryg - ga - de Thro - nen, Up - lyf - te Na - tio - nen; Det gjor - de vår Kung.
 Han vet fö - ra svär - det Men Kän - ner doch vär - det Af fri - den, vår Kung.

f marcato

3. Show love to our king! To all he is
 4. Thank God for our king! From all that might
 3. O äls - kom vår Kung! Han skyd - - dar oss
 4. O tack - om vår Kung! Ur gruf - - vor han

f marcato

mf *dim.*

pleas - ant; So no - ble and peas - ant His vir - tues will sing.
 grieve us His fa - vors re - lieve us Great joy doth he bring!
 li - ka, Bå ar - ma och ri - ka, Bå gam - mal och ung.
 ö - ser, Vål - ger - nin - gar slö - ser På gam - mal och ung.

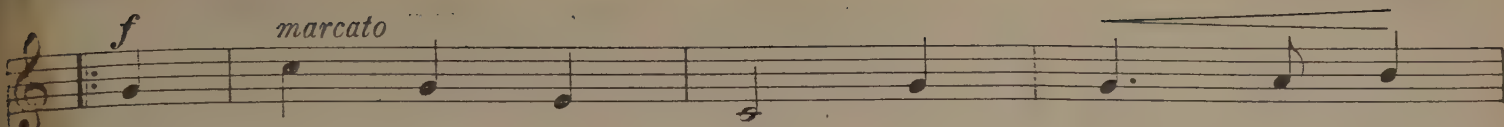
mf *dim.*

mp *cresc.* *f* Repeat for Chorus

He's faith - ful in all things, In great things and small things, Our dil - i - gent king!
 No Swe - den u - nit - ed With Nor - way de - light - ed, Were't not for our king.
 Hos stor el - ler li - ten Han skat - tar blott fl - i - ten Och dyg - den, vår Kung!
 Ej Sve - a och No - re För - en - a - de vo - re Fö - ru - tan vår Kung!

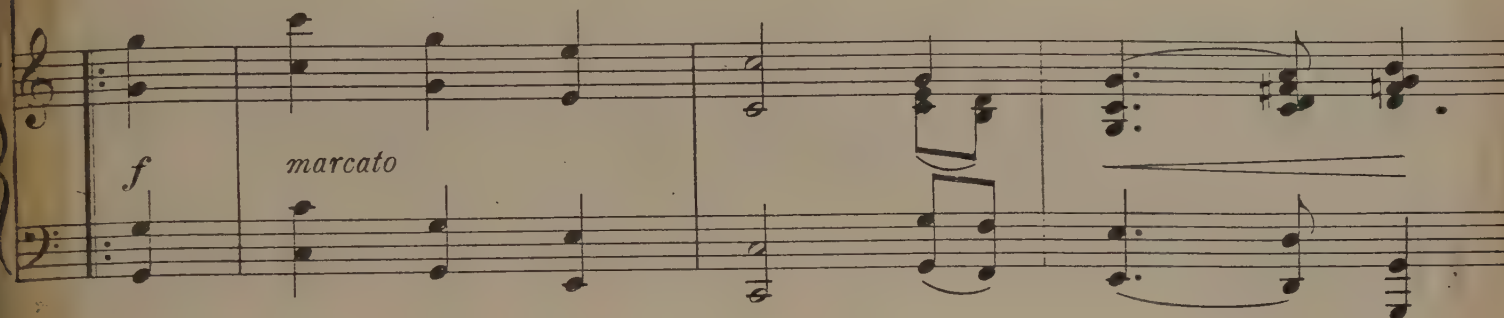
mp *cresc.* *f*

f marcato

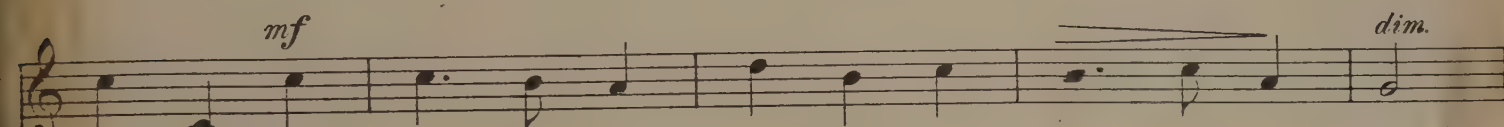


5. Oh, blest be our king! He bright - ens our
 6. Oh, long live our king As Free - dom's de -
 5. Vål - sig - nom vår Kung! Han yckt oss ur
 6. O lef - ve vår Kung! Till fri - he - tens

f marcato

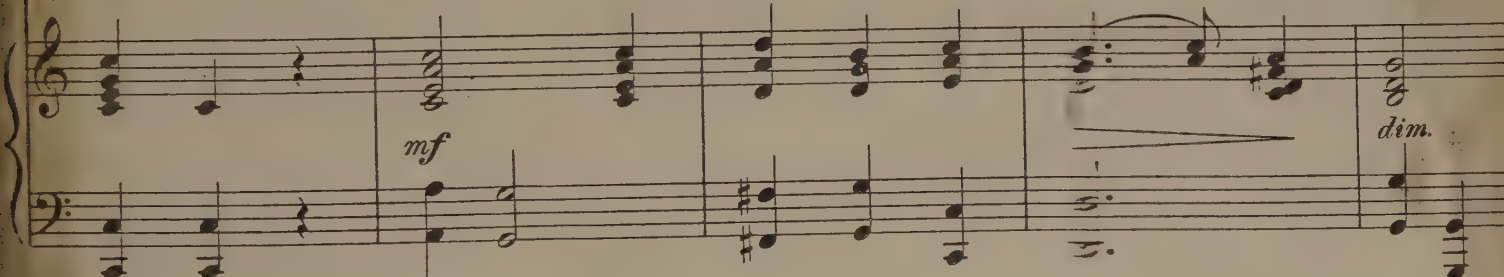


mf dim.




fa - ces; To hap - pi - er pla - ces Our fest doth he bring.
 fend - er, That joy - ful he ren - der The folk 'neath his wing.
 nö - den Till säl - la - re ö - den, Bå sam - mal och ung
 häg - nad Till in - ner - lig fäg - nad För sam - mal och ung

mf dim.

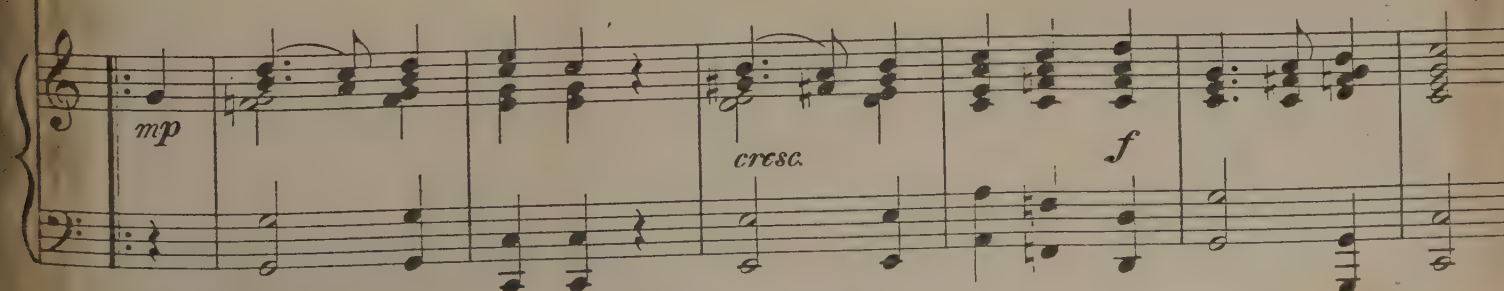


mp cresc. f Repeat for Chorus



He's al - ways re - veal - ing A fa - ther - ly feel - ing For us - our good king!
 Of mon - archs the great - est, Of he - roes the lat - est Oh, long live our king!
 Han bär för vår smär - ta Ett fa - der - ligt hjer - ta, Vål - sig - nom vår Kung!
 Bland Kun - gar den för - ste, Bland hjel - tar den stör - ste, O lef - ve vår Kung!

mp cresc. f



GOD SAVE THE CZAR!

BOJÉ TSARIA KHRANI!

ALEXIS LVOFF (1799-1871)

JOUKOWSKY (1833)
Translated by Clara Kappey

(Russia)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantor

VOICE

Maestoso
f Solo

Lord God, pro - tect the Czar! Pow'r - ful and might - y
Bo - jé tsa - ria khra - ni! Sil - nyi der - jav - nyi

(2d time 8va higher)

PIANO

f marcato

1. Repeat for Chorus 2.

May he in glo - ry, in glo - ry reign. reign.
Tsarst - voie na Sla - vyi, na sla - vū nam; nam;

mf Solo *cresc.* *f.*

He is our guid - ing star, Great in peace and war, Our
Tsarst - voie na strakh vra - gam, Tsar pra - vo - slav - nyi!

mf *cresc.* *f.*

ff *Repeat ff for Chorus*

faith's true pro - tect - or, Long live the Czar!
Bo - jé tsa - ria khra - ni!

POLISH NATIONAL SONG

(JESZCZE POLSKA)

WYBITSKI

Translated by Clara Kappey (revised)

(Poland)

Melody attributed to OGINSKI (1765-1835)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto

VOICE

mp

1. Po-land's not yet dead in sla - vr'y, — She shall reign in splen-dor,
 2. Po - lish blood e'en now is flow - ing — And our swords are flash - ing;
 1. Jesz - cze Pols - ka nie zgi - ne - la, — Pó - ki my ży - je - my;

PIANO

*mp**cresc.*

What she lost her chil-dren's bra - v'ry — Once a - gain will ren - der.
 Bo - na-parte we'll soon be o - ver-throw - ing With a dead - ly thrash - ing.
 Co - nam ob - ca prze - moc — wię - la, Sza - błą od - bie - sze - my.

*cresc.**mf**cresc.*

On, on, ye le - gions, Where the bat - tle ra - ges;
 Marsz, marsz, Da - brow - ski, Zzie - mi Włos - kiég do Pol - ski!

*mf**cresc.**più f**dim. Repeat for Chorus*

Po - land shall a - gain be free, Firm - ly crush all ty - ran - ny!
 Za two - im — prze - wo - dem Zła - czym się zra - ro - dem!

*più f**dim.*

GOD FOR POLAND

(BOŻE COŚ POLSKĘ)

(Poland)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

Melody ascribed to KURPINSKI
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante con moto

VOICE

p

1. God, who of Po - land's might - y pow'r and splen - dor Thro' long, long
 2. O Thou, who, moved by her dis-tress-ful sto - ry Hast aid - ed
 1. Bo - że coś Pol - ske przez tak dlu - gie wie - ki, O - ta - czal
 2. Ty kto - ryś po - tém; tknię - ty jej u - pad - kiem, Wspie - ral wal -

PIANO

p

cresc.

mf

a - ges hast been source and found - er, Who with Thy buck - ler hast been her de -
 those that fought her cause to cher - ish And made the world bear wit - ness to her
 bla - skiem po - tę - gi i chwa - ly, Cós ją za - sla - niał tar - czą twej o -
 czą - cych za naj - świę - tsza spra - wę; A chcąc świat ca - ly mieć jej meś twa

cresc.

fend - er A - gainst mis - for - tunes threat - ning to sur - round her.
 glo - ry, Ay, to her cour - age, when most like to per - ish:
 pie - ki Od nie - szczęś - któ - re przy - gne - bić ja chci - a - ly.
 świad - kiem. Wnies - zcęs - ciach sa - mych pom - na - żał jej sla - wę.

cresc.

più f *f*

Here at Thine al - tar thank - ful hearts we ten - der: Lord, deign our
 Przed two ol - ta - rze za - no - sim bla - ga - nie: Oj - czy - zne,

1. *dim.* *Repeat for Chorus* 2. *dim.*

free - dom once a - gain to ren - der! once a - gain to ren - der!
 wol - ność, racz nam wró - cić Pa - nie! racz nam wró - cić Pa - nie! *D.C.*

Sp *cresc.*

3. When in their gore the Po - lish peo - ple wel - ter We for our per - ish'd
 4. Re - store our Po - land to her an - cient glo - ry, Wealth may the fields, the
 3. Gdy na - ród pol - ski dzi - siaj we krwi to - nie, Za na szych bra - ci
 4. Wroc nas - zej - Pol - sce swiet - ność sta - ro - żyt - na, U żyz - niaj po - la,

mf

breth - ren, Lord, im - plore Thee! Life, as of yore new - born, re - vive and shel - ter!
 wast - ed corn - lands gath - er! To us more hap - pi - ness, more free - dom ren - der!
 po - leg - lich bla - ga - my: Zbudź daw - ne ży - cie w na - szej mat - ki lo - nie,
 spus - tos - za - le lan - y: Niech szczę - cie, wol - ność, na wie - ki w niej kwit - na,

cresc.

U - nite in one our land's three parts be - fore Thee! }
 Cease from Thy an - gry chas - tise - ment, our Fa - ther! }
 Zlej wjed - no cia - lo kra - ju trzy od - la - my! }
 Po - prze - stań ka - rać, Bo - że za - gnie - wan - y! }

cresc.

più f

Here at Thine al - tar thank - ful hearts we ten - der: Lord, deign our
 Przed twe ol - ta - rze za - no - sim bla - ga - nie: Oj - czy - znę,

più f

f

1. *dim.* Repeat for Chorus 2. *dim.*

free - dom once a - gain to ren - der! once a - gain to ren - der!
 wol - ność, racz nam wró - cić Pa - nie! racz nam uró - cić Pa - nie! D. S.

dim.

dim.

5.
 God, whose right arm in boundless power extended
 Breaks earthly monarchs' sceptres rashly taken,
 Let all thy foes' designs of harm be ended.
 Within our souls a hope of peace awaken!
 Here at Thine altar etc.

6.
 O God most holy! thro' Thy wondrous power
 Drive from our land the trials that distress us!
 Let this Thy nation cherish Freedom's flower!
 Beneath one sceptre let Thy peace now bless us!
 Here at Thine altar etc.

5.
 Boże którego ramię sprawiedliwe
 Żelazne berła władców świata kruszy,
 Zniwecz tych wrogów zamiary szkodliwe,
 Obudź nadzieję w tęsknej naszej duszy!
 Przed twe etc.

6.
 Boże najświętszy! przez twe wielkie cudy,
 Oddalaj od nas klęski, mordy boju,
 Połącz wolności węzłem twoje ludy,
 Pod jedno berło anioła pokoju!
 Przed twe etc.

OUR LAND, OUR FATHERLAND

(VÅRT LAND, VÅRT FOSTERLAND)

RUNEBERG

(Finland)

FRIEDRICH PACIUS

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante maestoso

VOICE *f* *mf*

Our land, our land, our Fa - ther - land! O dear - est word, ring loud! No
 Vårt land, vårt land, vårt fo - ster - land, Ljud högt, o dy - ra ord! Ej

PIANO *f* *mf*

mp

high - lands fill'd with moun-tains grand, No lev - el vale, no wave-beat strand, Makes
 lyfts en höjd mot him - lens rund, Ej sänks en dal, ej sköljs en strand, Mer

espress. *mp*

cresc. *f* *rall.*

hu - man hearts more fond - ly proud, Than thine, our fa - thers' land.
 äl - skad än vår bygd i nord, Än vå - ra fä - ders jord.

cresc. *f* *rall.*

LONG LIVE OUR NOBLE KING

(TRACASCĂ REGELE)

(Roumania)

ALEXANDRI

Translated by H. F. B.

A. HÜBSCH

Edited and arranged by Granville Buntock

Allegro maestoso

VOICE

mf Long live our no - ble king, Hon - or and
Tra - cas - câ Re - ge - le In pa - ce

PIANO

mf

cresc. peace to him. Long, for our dear - loved land, Live our
si o - nor, De tea - ra in - bi - tor S'a - pa -

f

cresc.

dim. **frisoluto**

no - ble de - fend - er. May he reign glo - ri - ous, _____
ra - tor de tea - râ! Fi e Domn Glo - ri - os _____

dim. *f* *marcato*

Brave— lord of all; Con-quer - or, ev - er -
 Pes - te - noi, Fie'n— veci no - ro -

f

marcato

f sempre

more, Ne'er may he fall. O God Al -
 eos. In res - boi O Dóm - no

ff

cresc.

ff

might - y, O heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Up -
 sfin - te Ce - re - se pâ - rin - te, Sus -

mp

marcato

mp

hold with lov - ing hand The ho - ly crown of Rou-ma - nia.
 ti - ne cu a ta ma - nâ Co - ró - na Ro - mâ - nâ.

cresc.

f

espress.

cresc.

f

RISE, O SERVIANS (USTAJ, USTAJ SRBINE)

(Servia)

Old Melody

Translated by H. F. B.

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Marcia risoluto

VOICE

Rise, O Ser-vians, swift a - rise, Lift your ban - ners to the skies,
U - staj, u - staj Sr - bi - ne, U - staj na o - ruž - je!

PIANO

*f risoluto**cresc.*

For your coun - try needs her chil - dren, Fight to make her free.
Dan te će - ka noć već be - ga, U - staj ne o - kle - vaj.

*cresc.**più f ben marcato**cresc.*

Rise, O rise, and crush our en - e - my, Rise and fight for lib - er -
Na no - ge, Sr - bi bra - čo, Slo - bo - da

*più f**cresc.*

f

ty. ———— Free the Sav and Du - na flow, Let us too un -
 zo - ve. Do - sta be - še ne - vo - lje, Do - sta bi i

cresc.

fet - ter'd go, O'er the wild Mo - ra - vian moun - tains, Swift shall flow sweet
 tu ———— ge Sad se dr - ži duš - ma - ni - ne, Kad te Sr - bin

cresc.

più f ben marcato

Free - dom's foun - tains, Down shall sink the foe. Rise, O rise, and
 skru - ši Kad te Sr - bin skru - ši! Na no - ge, ————

più f

cresc.

crush our en - e - my, Rise and fight for lib - er - ty. ————
 Sr - bi bra - čo, Slo - bo - da ———— zo - ve.

cresc.

JOIN, O MARITZA

(CHOUMI MARITZA)

(Bulgaria)

Founded on an old popular air
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Translated by H. F. B.

Marziale

VOICE

p

Join, O Ma-ri - tza, Blood to thy wa - ters; Sad - ly are weep - ing
Chou - mi Ma-ri - tza O - krva - ve - na, pla tche vdo vi - tza,

PIANO

p espress.

cresc. *f*

moth - ers and daugh - ters. For - ward, for - ward March our sol - diers
lu - to ra - ne - na. Ma - rche, ma - rche, gue - ne - ra - le,

cresc. *f marc.*

mp *cresc.* 1. 2.

brave, One, two and three, We march our land to save. save.
nache, Raz, dva - a tri ma - rche vü tzi. tzi.

mp *cresc.*

SONG TO THE SULTAN

(L'HAMIDIÉ)

(Turkey)

Translated by H. F. B.

Ascribed to NEDJIB PASHA

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Marziale

VOICE *mf*

O mon-arch su-preme of the u - ni - verse, O ben - e - fac - tor
 Eï vé - li e ni mé - ti a - lem ché - hin cha - hi dji -

PIANO *mf*

f

of the world, O mon-arch su-preme of the u - ni - verse, O ben - e - fac-tor of the world!
 han, Eï vé - li e ni mé - ti a - lem ché - hin cha - hi dji - han.

p

To the great and im-pe - rial throne, Thou giv - est hon - or and glo - ry, O'er the
 Tah-ti a - li bah - ti os ma - ni - yé vir din iz - zu chan, Tah - ti

mf

cresc. *dim.*

great and im-pe - rial throne Doth thy ra - dant pres - ence shine.
 a - li bah - ti os ma - ni - yé vir din iz - zu chan.

cresc. *dim.*

p

All are re-joice - ing a - round thee,
 Sa yé yi lut - fon hu - ma - yu - nun,

'Neath thy might - y sway,
 La - a - lem kia - mu - ran,

p *espress.*

mp

Faith-ful thy peo - ple sur - round thee,
 Sa yé yi lut - fon hu - ma - yu - nun,

Love thee, guard and o - bey.
 La - a - lem kia - ran.

mp *espress.*

cresc.

O Sul - tan Ha - mid, long mayst thou reign be - nef - i - cent,
 Sal - ta - nat - lé tchok zé - man Sul - tan Ha - mid zef - kit hé - man,

cresc. *f*

mf *cresc.* *f*

Lord of life and death, we hail thee, Ru - ler mag-nif - i - cent.
 Sal - ta - nat - lé tchok zé - man Sul - tan Ha - mid zef, kit hé - man.

mf *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

p

All are re-joi-cing a - round thee,
 Tchok ya cha ei pa - di - cha him,

'Neath thy might - y sway,
 Dev - le tin le tchok ya - cha

p *espress.*

f

Faith-ful thy peo-ple sur - round thee,
 Tchok ya cha ei pa - di - cha him,

Love thee, guard and o - bey.
 Cher ke tin le bin - ya - cha.

f *espress.* *ff*

HYMN TO FREEDOM

(SE GNORI Z'APO TIN KOPSI)

(Greece)

N. MANZAROS

SALOMOS (1823)
Translated by H. F. B.

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

VOICE *Moderato*

f Ah! 'tis thou, I know the gleam - ing Of thy
Se gno - ri z'a - po tin ko - psi Tow spa -

cresc.

PIANO

f

cresc.

mf

sword so keen and bright, — And I know that glance em -
thiow tin tro - me - ri, — Se gno - ri z'a - po tin

mf

cresc.

mp

bra - cing All the world — with - in its light. — 'Fore thee,
o - psi, Pow me via — me - trai tin yi. — 'Ap ta

cresc.

mp

sprung from blood of he - roes, Lib - er - ty, the ty - rants
 ko - ka - la rgal - mé - ni Ton 'El - li - non ta - ie -

cresc.
 quail. Hail, O Free - dom, hail, O Free - dom, Ours the
 ra. Kai - san pro - ta'an - drei - o - mé - ni Chai - ré, ò

vic - to - ry, all hail! Hail, O Free - dom, hail, O
 chai - ré, E - leu - the - ria! Kai - san pro - ta'an - drei - o -

Free - dom, Ours the vic - to - ry, all hail!
 mé - ni, Chai - ré, ò chai - ré E - leu - the - ria!

WAR SONG

(O KAIROS ADELPHOI)

(Greece)

Translated by H. F. B.

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Tempo di marcia

VOICE

1. Broth-ers up, swift a - rise, Free - dom's hour is dawn - ing
 1. 'O kai - ros a - del - phoi tes é - leu - the - ri - as
 2. Mè pho - bes - the grai - koi, o - ti sis - the takh' o -

PIANO

f

mf

glo - rious, Greece a - wake, as of old, See she wends her way vic -
 phtha - nei, Kai to gé - nos é mon tàs du - ná - meis tes lam -
 li - goi, 'H Eu - ro - pei - dow tàs a'g - ka - las tes an - oi -

mf

f

to - rious. Ye ty - rants, fear and trem - ble, For ven - geance now we threat - en, Your
 bá - nei. 'O tú - ran - nos klo - nei - tai, Ten pto - sin tow pho - bei - tai, 'Stà
 ge - i. Gen - nai - oi Rou - me - lio - tai Mo - rai - tai kai nes - io - tai, Na

f

più f

weap - ons seize, your weap - ons seize, And strike for lib - er - ty, Your
 ar - ma - ta, 'sta ar - ma - ta, Me - gá - loi kai mi - kroi, 'Sta
 bal - le - te pho - ti - an E - is o - len ten Tour - kian, Na

più f

f

weap - ons seize, your weap - ons seize, And strike for lib - er - ty. A -
 ar - ma - ta, 'sta ar - ma - ta, Me - gá - loi kai mi - kroi. Spa -
 bal - le - te pho - ti - an E - is o - len ten pho - tian. Pho -

ff

cresc. molto

rise, — a - rise, — a - rise, — a - rise, a - rise, a - rise!
 thi, — spa - thi, — spa - thi, — spa - thi, spa - thi, spa - thi!
 tià, — pho - tià, — pho - tià, — pho - tià, pho - tià, pho - tià!

cresc. molto

marcato

sostenuto

48 KHEDIVAL HYMN (HA NI AN BÉ) (Egypt)

Translated by H. F. B.

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Alla Marcia

VOICE

f

Ah! glad are the chil-dren of E - gypt of old, They, ra-diant the face of their
 Ha ni an bé au da-ti sa - mil ma-kam Ab - bas-sou Hel-mial ké-

PIANO

f *marcato*

dim. *f*

Khe-dive be-hold, The might-y Ab - bas Hel-mi, The giv - er of wealth and peace is he.
 de - oil hou-man Tah za mis rou - bis sa-lam Oi ha - ya tu - hu tu - lad da-youm.

dim. *f*

mf *meno f*

So sing — to-geth - er, with — one — voice, Let all — as-sem - ble,
 Fi zel - li hi oi fi - ah di hi Mil nal - mu-na don

mf *meno f*

f

and — re - joice, May God give him grace as of yore, And in peace keep his peo - ple — ev - er - more.
 nal - a - nam Oil Ku-lu nad - hu suh ba - tam Ha - rabb - bal le glou — al - ma - ram.

cresc. *f*

MAY OUR LORD LONG REIGN

(KIMI GA YO)

(Japan)

Translated by H. F. B.

HAYASHI HIROMORI

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Largamente

VOICE

f

May our lord long reign While the sun
Ki - mi ga yo wa, Chi - yo ni

PIANO

f

for a thou - sand years shall shine. Hail our lord! May his glo - ry
ya - chi - yo ni Sa - za - ré ish - i no I wa - o to

f

dim.

nev - er wane; Firm as rock, our faith be thine!
na - ri - té Ko - ké no mu - su ma - dé.

cresc.

dim.

cresc.

50

DRILL SONG

(SHŌTAI)

(Japan)

Melody by ISAWA SHIYI
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Tempo di Marcia

VOICE

f *cresc.*

1. Sol - diers! At - ten - tion! Right turn! One, two, three: Sol - diers! At -
 1. Shō - ta - i mi - gi mu - ke ichi ni san, Shō - ta - i

PIANO

mf tenuto e pesante *cresc.*

mf

ten - tion! For - ward! One, two, three: Halt! Com - rades! All stand ea - sy!
 su - su - me - ya ichi ni san, Shō - ta - i to - ma - re - ya

mf

più f

One, two, three: Or - ders o - bey, if you a sol - dier brave would be.
 ichi ni san, Gō - re - i ma - mo - re - ya yo - ki he - i - shi.

più f

f

2. Sol - diers, keep step in march - ing! One, two, three: Turn to the
 2. Shō - ta - i na - o - re - ya ichi ni san, Kō - o - do

f tenuto e pesante

left! At - ten - tion! One, two, three: Sol - diers, be read - y, stead - fast!
 hi - da - ri - ye ichi ni san, Shō - ta - i ya - su - me - ya

One, two, three: Du - ty o - bey, if you an of - fi - cer would be.
 ichi ni san, Yu - dan wo su - ru - na - yo yo - ki he - i - shi.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

(United States of America)

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH (1750-1836)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con spirito

VOICE

1. Oh! — say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
 3. And — where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore That the
 4. Oh, — thus be it ev - er when free men shall stand Be -

PIANO

*f marcato**cresc.**più f*

proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright
 foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the
 hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, — A — home and a
 tween their loved homes, and the war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with vic - t'ry and

*cresc.**più f*

stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so
 breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con -
 coun - try should leave us no more? Their — blood has wash'd out their foul
 peace, may the Heav'n - res - cued land. Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre -

a little flower

mf

gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first
foot - steps' pol - lu - tion. No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and
served us a na - tion! Then con - quer we must when our cause it is

cresc.

air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
beam. In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines in the stream.
slave From the ter - ror of light or the gloom of the grave.
just, And this is our mot - to - "In God is our Trust!"

cresc.

Chorus più f *cresc.* *uh*

Oh! say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner, oh, long may it
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth

mf *cresc.* *allargando* *f*

wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

mf *cresc.* *allargando* *f* *slow*

YANKEE DOODLE

(United States of America)

OLD TUNE

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con spirito
p Solo

VOICE

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain
2. And there we see a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire

PIANO

p

dim.

Good - ing, And there we saw the men and boys, As thick as ha - sty pud - ding.
Da - vid, And what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.

dim.

Chorus

f Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, *p* Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

f Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

cresc. *sfz*

p Solo

3. And there I see a swamp - ing gun Large as a log of
 4. And ev - 'ry time they shoot it off, It takes a horn of
 5. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton, And gen - tle folks a -

p

dim.

ma - ple; Up - on a deu - ced lit - tle cart, A load for fa - ther's cat - tle.
 pow - der; And makes a noise like fa - ther's gun, On - ly a 'na - tion loud - er.
 bout him; They say he's grown so 'tar - nal proud, He will not ride with - out 'em.

dim.

Chorus

f *p*

Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

f *p*

f *cresc.*

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

f *cresc.* *sfz*

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

(United States of America)

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

PROF. PHYLA

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock.

Maestoso

VOICE

1. Hail! Co-lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail! ye he - roes, heav'n-born band, Who
 2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore; Let
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame Let — Wash - ing - ton's great name Ring
 4. Be - hold the chief who now com - mands, Once more to serve his coun - try, stands The

PIANO

*f marcato**mp**cresc.*

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And
 no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand In -
 thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Let
 rock on which the storm will beat! The rock on which the storm will beat! But

*mp**cresc.*

when the storm of war was gone En - joy'd the peace your val - or won; Let
 vade the shrine where sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well - earn'd prize; While
 ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear, — Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With
 arm'd in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you; When

*f**cresc.*

f in - de - pen - dence be — your_ boast, *p* Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,
 of - f'ring peace, sin - cere — and — just, In Heav'n we place a man - ly trust That
 e - qual skill, with stead - y — pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
 hope was sink - ing in — dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

mp Ev - er grate - ful for — the prize *f* Let its al - tar reach the skies.
 truth and jus - tice will pre - vail And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
 hor - rid war or guides with ease The hap - pier time of hon - est peace.
 stead - y mind, from chan - ges free, Re - solved on death or lib - er - ty.

ff Chorus *cresc.*
 Firm, u - nit - ed let — us — be, *cresc.* Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty,

mf As a band of broth - ers join'd, *cresc.* *f* Peace — and — safe - ty we shall find.

54

THE MAPLE LEAF

(Canada)

Words and Music by ALEXANDER MINES
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con spirito
Solo
mf

VOICE

1. In days of yore from Bri - tain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt - less
 2. At Queens - town Heights and Lun - dy's Lane Our brave fa - thers,
 3. Our fair Do - min - ion now ex - tends From Cape Race to
 4. On mer - ry Eng - land's far - famed land May kind Heav - en

cresc.

PIANO

mf *marcato* *cresc.*

he - ro came, And plant - ed firm Bri - tan-nia's flag On — Ca-na-da's fair do -
 side by side, For free - dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no - bly
 Noot - ka Sound; May peace for ev - er be our lot, And plen-teous store a -
 sweet - ly smile; God bless old Scot - land ev - er more, And Ire-land's Em - 'rald

mf *cresc.*

più f

main! Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And join'd in love to -
 died; And those dear rights which they main-tain'd, We swear to yield them
 bound; And may those ties of love be ours Which dis - cord can - not
 Isle. Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for - est

più f

cresc.

geth-er, nev-er!
sev-er, quiv-er,
The Our And God
This - tle, watch - word flour - ish save our
Sham-rock, ev - er - more green o'er King, and
Rose en - twine, shall be, Free - dom's home, Heav - en bless
The Ma - ple Leaf for

cresc.

ff Chorus

ev - er!
ev - er!
ev - er!
ev - er!

The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for

ff

più f *cresc.*

ev-er! God save our King, and Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!

più f *cresc.*

LONG LIVE CANADIAN MAIDENS

(VIVE LA CANADIENNE)

(Canada)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

French Air : Derrière chez mon père
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto
mf Solo

VOICE

1. Long live Ca-na-dian maid - ens, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! Long
2. We'll to the wed-ding take them, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! We'll
1. Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne, Vo - le, mon cœur, vo - le, Vi -
2. Nous la me-nons aux no - ces, Vo - le, mon cœur, vo - le, Nous

PIANO

mf

mp

live Ca-na-dian maid ens, And their soft charm-ing eyes. — Long live Ca - na - dian
to the wed-ding take them, All dress'd fine as can be. — We'll to the wed-ding
ve la Ca - na - dien - ne, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux. — Vi - ve la Ca - na -
la me-nons aux no - ces, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours, — Nous la me-nons aux

dim. *f* Chorus

mp

dim. *f*

maid - ens, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! Long live Ca-na-dian maid - ens, And
take them, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! We'll to the wed-ding take them, All
dien - ne, Vo - le, mon cœur, vo - le, Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne, Et
no - ces, Vo - le, mon cœur, vo - le, Nous la me-nons aux no - ces, Dans

mp Solo

their soft charm-ing eyes. — Their charm - ing eyes so soft, soft, soft, Their
 dress'd fine as can be. — All dress'd as fine, as fine can be, All
 ses jo - lis yeux doux. — Et ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et
 tous ses beaux a - tours, — Dans tous ses beaux a - tours, tours, tours, Dans

mp

marcato

f Chorus

charm-ing eyes so soft, Their charm - ing eyes so soft, soft, soft, Their
 dress'd fine as can be, All dress'd as fine, as fine can be, All
 ses jo - lis yeux doux, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et
 tous ses beaux a - tours, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours, tours, tours, Dans

f

marcato

mf Solo

charm-ing eyes so soft, Long live Ca - na - dian maid - ens, Heart, my heart, make
 dress'd fine as can be, We'll take them to the wed - ding, Heart, my heart, make
 ses jo - lis yeux doux, Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne, Vo - le, mon coeur,
 tous ses beaux a - tours, Nous la me - nons aux no - ces, Vo - le, mon coeur,

mf

f Chorus

mer - ry! Long live Ca - na - dian maid - ens, And their soft charm-ing eyes. —
 mer - ry! We'll take them to the wed - ding, All dress'd fine as can be. —
 vo - le, Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux. —
 vo - le, Nous la me - nons aux no - ces, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours. —

f

mf Solo

3. With fair-hair'd girls we'll dance there, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! With
 4. Send round the full de - can - ters, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! Send
 3. On danse a - vec nos blon - des, Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - le, On
 4. On pas - se la ca - ra - fe, Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - le, On

mf

mp *dim.* *f* Chorus

fair-hair'd girls we'll dance there, Change part - ners fre - quent - ly. With fair-hair'd girls we'll
 round the full de - can - ters, And each must drink in turn. Send round the full de -
 danse a - vec nos blon - des, Nous chan - geons tour à tour, On danse a - vec nos
 pas - se la ca - ra - fe, Nous bu - vons tous un coup, On pas - se la ca -

mp *dim.* *f*

dance there, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! With fair-hair'd girls we'll dance there, Change
 can - ters, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! Send round the full de - can - ters, And
 blon - des, Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - le, On danse a - vec nos blon - des, Nous
 ra - fe, Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - le, On pas - se la ca - ra - fe, Nous

mp Solo

part - ners fre - quent - ly. With fair-hair'd girls we'll dance, dance, dance, With
 each must drink in turn. And each must drink in turn, turn, turn, And
 chan - geons tour à tour, Nous chan - geons tour à tour, tour, tour, Nous
 bu - vons tous un coup, Nous bu - vons tous un coup, coup, coup, Nous

mp *marcato*

f Chorus

fair - hair'd girls we'll dance, With fair - hair'd girls we'll dance, dance, dance, With
 each must drink in turn, And each must drink in turn, turn, turn, And
 chan - geons tour à tour, Nous chan - geons tour à tour, tour, tour, Nous
 bu - vons tous un coup, Nous bu - vons tous un coup, coup, coup, coup, Nous

f

marcato

mf Solo

fair - hair'd girls we'll dance, With fair - hair'd girls we'll dance there, Heart, my heart, make
 each must drink in turn, Send round the full de - can - ters, Heart, my heart, make
 chan - geons tour à tour. On danse a - vec nos blon - des, Vo - le, mon cœur,
 bu - vons tous un coup. On pas - se la ca - ra - fe, Vo - le, mon cœur,

mf

f Chorus

mer - ry! With fair - hair'd girls we'll dance there, Change part - ners fre - quent - ly. —
 mer - ry! Send round the full de - can - ters, And each must drink in turn. —
 vo - le, On danse a - vec nos blon - des, Nous chan - geons tour à tour. —
 vo - le, On pas - se la ca - ra - fe, Nous bu - vons tous un coup. —

f

5.

|| But joy goes on increasing,
 Heart, my heart, make merry!
 But joy goes on increasing,
 Till tipsy are we all. ||
 || Till tipsy are we all, all, all,
 Till tipsy are we all. ||
 But joy goes on increasing,
 Heart, my heart, make merry!
 But joy goes on increasing,
 Till tipsy are we all.

5.

|| Mais le bonheur augmente,
 Vole, mon cœur, vole,
 Mais le bonheur augmente,
 Quand nous sommes tous souls. ||
 || Quand nous sommes tous souls, souls, souls,
 Quand nous sommes tous souls. ||
 Mais le bonheur augmente,
 Vole, mon cœur, vole,
 Mais le bonheur augmente,
 Quand nous sommes tous souls.

PATRIOTIC SONG

(CANCION PATRIOTICA)

(Mexico)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro moderato
f Chorus

VOICE

We guard our in - de - pen - dence! Long flour-ish li - ber - ty!
So - mos in - de - pen - dien - tes, Vi - va la li - ber - tad,

PIANO

f

mf *cresc.* *f*

And in this land of free - dom Reign e - qual - i - ty!
Vi - va A - me - ri - ca li - bre, Y vi - va la i - qual - dad.

mf *cresc.* *f*

Fine

mf Solo *cresc.*

1. Three cen - tur - ies op - pres - sion, Three of a - buse we bore;—
2. Af - ter so ma - ny cy - cles, Pros - trate in sla - vry pass'd,—
1. Tres sig - los o - pri - mi - dos, Tres sig - los de ri - gor,—
2. Des - pues de tan - tos a - ños De es - cla - vi - tud ti - ra - na,

mf *cresc.*

mp *cresc.*

Three 'neath the ty-rant groan-ing, What could we suf-fer more?
 He-roes we now a-ris-ing, Our fet-ters from us cast,
 Los tres de des-po-tis-mo Ha-brá mal-dad may-or,
 Han ro-to las ca-de-nas Los he-roes de la pa-tria,

mp *cresc.*

mf *f*

Three 'neath the ty-rant groan-ing, What could we suf-fer more?
 He-roes we now a-ris-ing, Our fet-ters from us cast,
 Los tres de des-po-tis-mo Ha-brá mal-dad may-or,
 Han ro-to las ca-de-nas Los he-roes de la pa-tria,

mf *f*

mf *f* *D.C.*

Three 'neath the ty-rant groan-ing, What could we suf-fer more?
 He-roes we now a-ris-ing, Our fet-ters from us cast.
 Los tres de des-po-tis-mo Ha-brá mal-dad may-or.
 Han ro-to las ca-de-nas Los he-roes de la pa-tria.

mf *f* *D.C.*

f Chorus

We guard our in - de - pen - dence! Long flour - ish li - ber - ty!
So - mos in - de - pen - dien - tes, Vi - va la li - ber - tad,

mf *cresc.* *f* *Fine*

And in this land of free - dom Reign e - qual - i - ty!
Vi - va A - me - ri - ca li - bre, Y vi - va la i - qual - dad.

mf Solo *cresc.*

3. Loud let the can - non thun - der, Loud let the can - non roar, —
4. Cor - téz, thy name ac - curs - ed, Name shame - ful to re - call, —
5. Af - ter so man - y cy - cles, Bur - den'd with pain and toils, —
3. Fue - go, fue - go ar - til - le - ros, Fue - go, fue - go el ca - ñon, —
4. Cor - téz, o nom - bre in - fa - me! Que re - cuer - da la a - troz —
5. Des - pues de tan - tos sig - los De pe - nas y tra - ba - jos —

mp *cresc.*

Fire, can - non - iers, your val - or Shall ev - 'ry foe - man awe,
 Links with the aw - ful "Con - quest" Mem - 'ries that e'er ap - pal,
 Peace crowns at last our ef - forts, Our lib - er - ty as - soils,
Fue - go, fue - go res - pi - re, Fue - go y vi - va el va - lor,
Con - quis - ta, que los sig - los Han vis - to con hor - ror,
Con nues - tra li - ber - tad. — La paz ya re - co - bra - mos,

mp *cresc.*

mf *f*

Fire, can - non - iers, your val - or Shall ev - 'ry foe - man awe,
 Links with the aw - ful "Con - quest" Mem - 'ries that e'er ap - pal,
 Peace crowns at last our ef - forts, Our lib - er - ty as - soils,
Fue - go, fue - go res - pi - re, Fue - go y vi - va el va - lor,
Con - quis - ta, que los sig - los Han vis - to con hor - ror,
Con nues - tra li - ber - tad. — La paz ya re - co - bra - mos,

mf *f*

mf *D.S.*

Fire, can - non - iers, your val - or Shall ev - 'ry foe - man awe.
 Links with the aw - ful "Con - quest" Mem - 'ries that e'er ap - pal.
 Peace crowns at last our ef - forts, Our lib - er - ty as - soils.
Fue - go, fue - go res - pi - re, Fue - go y vi - va el va - lor.
Con - quis - ta, que los sig - los Han vis - to con hor - ror.
Con nues - tra li - ber - tad. — La paz ya re - co - bra - mos.

mf *f* *D.S.*

NATIONAL HYMN

(HYMNO NACIONAL)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

(Brazil)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Tempo di Marcia

mf Solo

VOICE

1. At last has dawn'd that bright morn - ing Which
 2. Thou sev - enth of A - pril so glo - rious Should
 3. A reign of wis - dom and pru - dence Be -
 1. A - ma - nhe - ceu fi - nal - men - te A
 2. Se - te de A - bril sem - pre u - fa - no Dos
 3. U - ma re - gen - cia pru - den - te, Um

PIANO

mf

free - dom to Bra - zil did give, — A day nev - er more to be for -
 not thy name our cit - y bear, O? Should we call her Ri - o
 neath a rul - er na - tive - born, — Will grant us the best of good -
 li - ber - da - de as Bra - sil. — Não não vae á se - pul -
 di - a se - ja o pri - mei - ro, Cha - me se Ri - o d'A -
 mo - nar - cha bra - si - lei - ro, Nos pro - met - tem ven - tu -

*mf**mf*

got - ten, The sev - enth of A - pril shall live. — Nev - er
 A - pril*) Or still call her Ri - o: Ja - nei - ro? Nev - er
 for - tune, A flat - t'ring fu - ture to dawn. — It will
 tu - ra O di - a se - te d'A - bril. — Não não
 bril O que é Rio de Ja - nei - ro. Cha - me -
 ro - so O por - vir mais li - son - gei - ro. Nos pro -

*cresc.**cresc.*

*) A play on words: Abril - April; Janeiro - January.

shall be that day for - got - ten, The sev - enth of A - pril shall live, Nev - er
 shall be that gift for - got - ten. The sev - enth of A - pril did give, Nev - er
 grant us the best of for - tune, A flat - t'ring fu - ture to dawn. It will
vae — à se - pul - tu - ra O di - a se - te d'A - bril. Não, não
se — Ri - o d'A - bril O que é Rio de Ja - neiro. Cha - me -
met - tem ven - tu - ro - so O por - vir mais li - son - geiro. Nos pro -

shall be that day for - got - ten, The sev - enth of A - pril shall live. } The
 shall be that gift for - got - ten. The sev - enth of A - pril did give. }
 grant us the best of for - tune, A flat - t'ring fu - ture to dawn. }
vae — à se - pul - tu - ra O di - a se - te d'A - bril. }
se — Ri - o d'A - bril O que é Rio de Ja - neiro. } Da
met - tem ven - tu - ro - so O por - vir mais li - son - geiro. }

Chorus
f

na - tion's voice up - lift - ed Sings free - dom's new char - ter, From
 pa - tri - a o gri - to, Eis se de - sa - ta Do

mp

A - - ma - zon's wa - - ters To banks of the Pla - ta! The
 A - - ma - zo - - nas a - té as Pra - ta, Da

mp

cresc. *poco* *a*

na - - tion's voice up - lift - - ed Sings free - - dom's new char - - ter, The
 pa - - tri - a o gri - to Eis se - - de - sa - - ta Da

cresc. *poco* *a*

poco *f* *dim.* *3* *3*

na - - tion's voice up - lift - ed Sings free-dom's char-ter E'en from the A-ma-zon to the
 pa - - tri - a o gri - to Eis se - de - sa - ta Do A - ma - zo-nas a - té as

poco *f* *dim.* *3* *3*

frisoluto *3* *3*

Pla - ta, E'en from the A-ma-zon to the banks of Pla - - - tal
 Pra - ta, Do A - ma - zo-nas a - té as Pra - - - ta.

cresc. *f* *sf*

mf Solo

4. But one ill we ne'er will suf - fer, The
 5. And gen - er - a - tions un - born yet Their
 4. N'es - te so - lo não vi - ce - ja A
 5. Lan - ça dos por mãos d'es - cra - vos Não
 6. No - vas ge - ra - ções sus - ten - tem Da

mf

ser - vi - tude that makes a slave. And no - bly the world en - tire
 coun - try's glo - ry still shall see, But nev - er in midst all her
 plan - ta da es - cra - vi - dão; A quar - ta par - te do
 te - me - mos fer - ros vis, Fer - ve a - mor da li - ber -
 Pa - tria o vi - vo es - plen - dor. Se - ja sem pre a nos - sa

cresc.

teach - ing, A fourth part its free - dom we gave. And we
 gran - deur, For - get which day made them free! They will
 mun - do Deu a's tres mel - hor li cão. A quar -
 da - de A - té nas da - mas gen - tis. Fer - ve
 glo - ria O di - a li - ber - ta - dor. Se - ja

cresc.

no - bly, a whole world teach-ing, To one fourth of it we free-dom gave, And
nev - er, a - mid her gran-deur, For get which day made them free! They will
ta — par - te do mun-do Deu a's tres mel - hor li - ção A quar-
a - mor da li - ber - da - de A té nas da - mas gen - tis. Fer - ve
sem - pre a nos - sa glo - ria O di - a li - ber - ta - dor, Se - ja

dim. *p*

no - bly, a whole world teach-ing, To one fourth of it we free-dom gave. The
nev - er, a - mid her gran-deur, For get which day made them free! Da
ta — par - te do mun-do Deu a's tres mel - hor li - ção.
a - mor da li - ber - da - de A té nas da - mas gen - tis.
sem - pre a nos - sa glo - ria O di - a li - ber - ta - dor.

dim. *Chorus*
f

na - tion's voice up - lift - ed, Sings free - dom's new char - ter, From
pa - tri - a, o gri - to, Eis se de - sa - ta Do

dim. *sf* *f*

A - ma - zon's wa - ters To banks of the Pla - ta! The
A - ma - zo - nas a - té as Pra - ta, Da

na - tion's voice up - lift - ed Sings free - dom's new char - ter, The
pa - tri - a o gri - to Eis se - de - sa - ta, Da

na - tion's voice up - lift - ed Sings free - dom's char - ter E'en from the A - ma - zon to the
pa - tri - a o gri - to Eis se - de - sa - ta Do A - ma - zo - nas a - té as

Pla - ta, E'en from the A - ma - zon to the banks of Pla - ta!
Pra - ta, Do A - ma - zo - nas a - té as Pra - ta.

NATIONAL HYMN

(HIMNO NACIONAL)

(Argentina)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

VOICE *Andante* *f* *Solo* *cresc.*

1. Hark, ev-'ry man, to the shout of re - joi - cing: Free-dom
 2. Wel-come the new race of he - roes in spir - ed By great
 1. O - id mor - ta - les el gri - to sa - gra - do: Li - ber -
 2. De los nue - vos cam - pe - o - nes los ros - tros Mar - te

PIANO *f* *mf* *cresc.*

reigns, free-dom reigns, free-dom reigns!
 Mars' ver - y breath, un - dis-may'd.
 tad, li - ber-tad, li - ber-tad!
 mis - mo pa - re - ce a - ni - mar,

Hark, to the clank of the bro-ken fet-ters fall - ing! Now her
 With-in their breast glowsthe sense of their pow - er. See, the
 O - id el rui - do de ro - tas ca - de - nas, Ved en
 La gran - de - za sea - ni - da en sus pe - chos, A su

throne no - ble Jus - tice re-gains.
 earth when they march, shakes a - fraid!
 tro - no la no - ble i - gual - dad.
 mar - cha to - do ha - cen tem - blar.

And from the earth now a - ris - en, em - bat - tled, Let a
 In their sep - ul - chres stir the proud In - cas, And their
 Se - le - van - ta en la faz de la tier - ra U - na
 Se - con - mue - ven del In - ca las tum - bas, Yen sus

più f *cresc.* *più f*

new na - tion glo - rious, you greet; Round her brow twined the fil - let of
bones catch the rhythm of the tread Of their sons who go forth to re -
nue - vay glo - rio - sa na - cion, Co - ro - na - da su sien de lau -
hue - cos re - vi ve el ar - dor, Lo que ve re - no - van - do à sus

f *marcato*

lau - rel, And the proud li - on couch'd at her feet, And the
con - quer An - cient glo - ries a - sleep with the dead, An - cient
re - les Yá sus plan - tas ren - di - do un le - on, Yá sus
hi - jos De la pa - tria el an - ti - quos - plen - dor, De la

cresc. *mf*

proud li - on couch'd at her feet, Round her brow twined the fil - let of
glo - ries a - sleep with the dead. In their sep - ul - chres stir the proud
plan - tas ren - di - do un le - on; Co - ro - na - da su sien - de lau -
pa - tria el an - ti - quos - plen - dor, Lo que ve re - no - van - do à sus

f

lau - rel, And the proud li - on couch'd at her feet, Round her
In - cas, And their bones catch the rhythm of the tread Of their
re - les Yá sus plan - tas ren - di - do un le - on; Co - ro -
hi - jos, De la pa - tria el an - ti - quos - plen - dor, Lo que

dim.

cresc. *ff* Chorus

brow twined the fil - let of lau - rel, And the proud li - on couch'd at her feet.
 sons who go forth to re - con - quer An - cient glo - ries a - sleep with the dead. And to
 na - da su sien de lau - re - les Yá sus plan - tas ren - di - do un le - on. Sean e -
 ve re - no - van - do à sus hi - jos De la pa - tria el an - ti - quo es - plen - dor.

cresc. *ff*

guard her lau - rels ev - er One and all will glad - ly vie, One and all will glad - ly
 ter - nos los lau - re - les Que su - pi - mos con - se - guir, Que su - pi - mos con - se -

pesante

dim. *prit.* *f a tempo*

vie. Crown'd with glo - ry we'll live glad - ly for her, Or for her we with glo - ry will
 guir. Co - ro - na - dos de glo - ria vi - ra - - mos, O ju - re - mos con glo - ria mo -

dim. *prit.* *f cresc.* *a tempo*

più f

die, Or for her we with glo - ry will die, Or for her we with glo - ry will die.
 rir, O ju - re - mos con glo - ria mo - rir, O ju - re - mos con glo - ria mo - rir.

più f

3

Listen to mountains and walls crash asunder,
 Rent in twain, thunder down on the ground,
 And cries of vengeance, of fury and battle,
 Everywhere through the country resound.
 For the envy of tyrants awakening,
 With a hatred as bitter as gall,
 In the field plants their blood-sullied banner
 And "To arms!" rings the merciless call.
 And to guard, etc.

4

Lo, they have dared to defy Argentinos,
 With a haughty invader's base scorn.
 They spurn our soil as they march, rashly singing,
 Vict'ries destined for them ne'er to dawn.
 But the brave hearts who swore altogether
 For their liberties cherished to fend,
 Will oppose to these blood-thirsty tigers
 For a wall, valiant breasts to the end.
 And to guard, etc.

5

Up, Argentinos, your arms seizing gladly
 Seek the battle with ardor elate;
 When o'er the breadth of the South shrill resounding
 Clamor tocsins of war at your gate.
 Buenos Aires the van heads as leader,
 Of the towns who in union abide,
 And their arms, strong and valiant, shall strangle
 The Iberian lion in his pride.
 And to guard, etc.

6

Victory drapes now the brave Argentinos
 With the splendor of her wings of light,
 And fill'd with fear at the sight see the tyrant
 Seek an infamous safety in flight.
 He his banners, his weapons surrenders,
 Trophies grateful to Dame Liberty.
 On the pinions of glory the nation
 Stands supreme, girt in proud majesty.
 And to guard, etc.

7

Unto the Poles' farthest limits resounding,
 Hear the trumpet of fame lift her voice,
 And all her titles to glory repeating
 With America bid earth rejoice.
 On the throne of their power established
 Free the states of the South proudly shine.
 Let all freemen unite in a greeting:
 "Argentina! God's blessing be thine!"
 And to guard, etc.

3

*Pero sierras y muros se sienten
 Retumbar con horrible fragor;
 Todo el país se conturba por gritos
 De venganza, de guerra y furor.
 En los fieros tiranos la envidia
 Escupio su pestifera hiel;
 Su estandarte sangriento levantan
 Provocando a la lid mas cruel.
 Sean eternos, etc.*

4

*A vosotros se atreve Argentinos
 El orgullo del vil invasor;
 Vuestros campos ya pisa, cantando
 Tantas glorias hollar vencedor,
 Mas los bravos que unidos juraron
 Su feliz libertad sostener,
 A esos tigres sedientes de sangre
 Fuertes pechos sabrán oponer.
 Sean eternos, etc.*

5

*El valiente Argentino a las armas
 Corre ardiendo con brio y valor;
 El clarin de la guerra cual trueno
 En los campos del Sud resons.
 Buenos Aires se opone a la frente
 De los pueblos de la inclita Union,
 Y con brazos robustos desgarran
 Al Iberico altivo leon.
 Sean eternos, etc.*

6

*La victoria al guerrero Argentino
 Con sus alas brillantes cubrio,
 Y azorado a su vista el tirano
 Con infamia a la fuga se dio,
 Sus banderas, sus armas se rinden
 Por trofeos a la libertad;
 Y sobre alas de gloria alza el pueblo
 Trono digno a su gran majestad.
 Sean eternos, etc.*

7

*Desde un polo hasta el otro resuena
 De la fama el sonoro clarin,
 Y de América el nombre enseñando
 Les repite — mortales, oid:
 Ya su trono dignisimo abrieron
 Las Provincias unidas del Sud,
 Y los libres del mundo responden;
 Al gran pueblo Argentino, Salud!
 Sean eternos, etc.*

THEN DID MOSES SING

(AZ YASHIR MOSHE)

(Hebrew)

Translated by H. H. Rubenovitz

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto moderato
mf espress.

VOICE

Then did Mo - ses sing this song un - to the
Az ya - shir Mo - she ub - - ne yis - ra -

PIANO

mf espress.

p cresc.

Lord, and with him sang the chii - dren of Is - ra - el, and
el et ha - shi - ra ha - zot la - do - nai va

p cresc.

f

spake say - - ing, The Lord is a man of
yo - me - ru le - - mor. A - do - nai ish mil cha -

f

war: the Lord is His name. Pha-raoh's host and his char-iots
 ma A-do-nai she mo mar-ke-bot Parng-ho ve-che-

dim. *mp*

dim. *mp*

too hath He cast in-to the sea: and his
 lo ya-ra ba-yam u-mib-

p *cresc.*

p *cresc.*

cho - sen cap-tains in the Red Sea He hath drown'd.
 char - sha-li-shav tu-beng-u be-yam suf.

p

p

GIVE EAR, O LORD

(ANA BEKORENU)

(Hebrew)

Translated by H. H. Rubenovitz

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro Solo

VOICE

Give — ear, O Lord, when we call — to — Thee, hear —
A - na be - kor - e - nu — le - kol shav -

PIANO

p sostenuto

Chorus

f our — cry, Hear us, we be — seech Thee. In — mer — cy par — don
e - nu, A - do - nai she - mang - a. A - na be - ra - cha

f marcato

Solo

p

Chorus

f all — our — greed and per — verse — ness, Hear us, we be — seech Thee. Heed the words of our
me - cha a - von bits - e - nu, A - do - nai se - la - cha. De - ba - rim la -

f marcato

Solo

p

f Chorus *p* Solo

plead - ing, O hear us, good Lord. The sin in which we
 kach - ti, She - mang A - do - nai. Ve - chet - - bo - yu -

f Chorus *mf*

were con - ceived, For - give us, good Lord. Give — ear, O Lord, when we
 cham - - ti, Se - lach A - do - nai. A - - na be - kor - e -

f *p*

call — to — Thee, hear — our — cry, Hear us, we be - seech Thee. In —
 nu — le - kol shav - - e - - nu, A - do - nai she - mang - a. A - -

f marcato *p*

f

mer - cy par - don all — our — greed and per - verse - ness, Hear us, we be - seech Thee.
 na be - ra - cha me - cha a - von bits - - e - - nu, A - do - nai se - la - cha.

f

KNOW YE THAT RACE OF HERO MOLD

(KENT GIJ DAT VOLK VOL HELDENMOED)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(The former South African Republic)

Words and Music by
CATHERINE F. van REES

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Tempo di Marcia

VOICE *mf*

1. Know ye that race of he - ro mold, And
 2. Know ye that race so sore op - press'd, And
 1. Kent gij dat volk vol held - en - moed, En
 2. Kent gij dat land zoo chaars be - zocht, En

PIANO *mf*

yet too long en - slaved? It has out - pour'd its blood and
 yet su - preme - ly fair, Which na - ture has with won - ders
 toch zoo lang ge - knecht? Het heeft ge - of - ferd goed en
 toch zoo heer - lijk schoon? Waar de na - tuur haar won - d'ren

cresc.

gold bless'd, That free - dom might be saved. Come,
 And fill'd with mu - sic rare? Trans -
 Voor vrij - heid en voor recht; Komt
 En kwis - tig stelt den ton; Trans -

f *cresc.*

This collection was compiled before the English war in South Africa had decided the fate of the South African Republic. The present song, which has many interesting features, has therefore been removed from the body of the collection, but is retained in the Appendix.

f

bur - gers, set the ban - ners wav - ing, Our griev - ous woe has
 vaal - ers, raise our song out - ring - ing Here where our ranks took
 bur - gers! laat de vlaa - ge wap' - ren, Ons lij - den is voor -
 va - lers! laat ons feest - lied schal - len, Daar waar ons volk hield

f

piu f

pass'd, Oh, hail the men all dan - ger brav - ing, For
 stand, Here where our joy - ful shots went sing - ing, This
 bij, Roemt in den ze - gen on - zrer dap' - ren Dat
 stand, Waar on - ze vreny - de scho - ten knal - len, Daar

piu f

cresc.

we are free at last! For we are free, for we are
 is our fa - ther - land. This ho - ly land, this ho - ly
 vrij - e volk zijn wij! Dat vrij - e volk, dat vrij - e
 is ons va - der - land, Dat hee - lijk land, dat hee - lijk

cresc.

rall.

free, For we are free, are free at last!
 land, This is our land, our fa - ther - land.
 volk, Dat vrij - e, vrij - e volk zijn wij!
 land, Dat is ons va - der, va - der - land.

ff *rall.*



P Missing pages 29-32 noted 12775 X
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B213s Sixty patriotic songs of all na-
tions.

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